

To All Whom It May Concern.

On account of the dissolution of our present firm, to take effect January 1st, 1886, we have and are

COMPELLED TO REDUCE OUR LARGE STOCK

And realize all the Cash we can. In order to make quick work of this matter, as the time is short, we will offer every article in our store

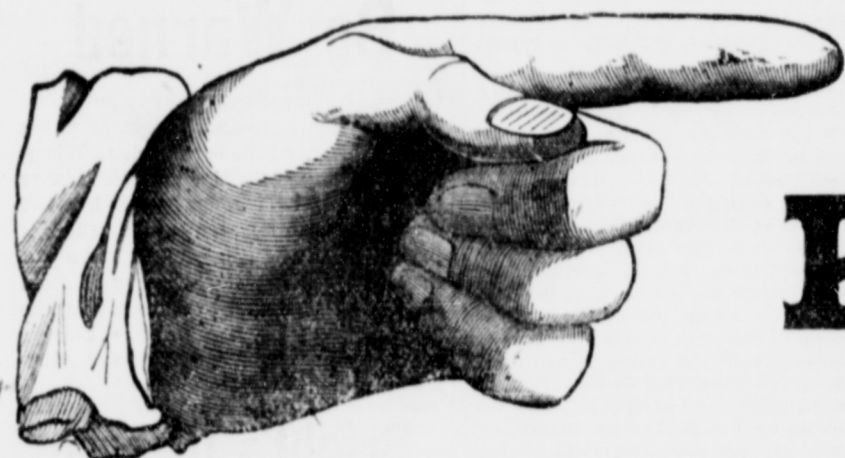
AT AND BELOW COST FROM THIS DAY TO DEC. 31, INCLUSIVE.

We intend to work a few weeks for the glory and our loss will be your gain. Never, never were such Bargains in

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

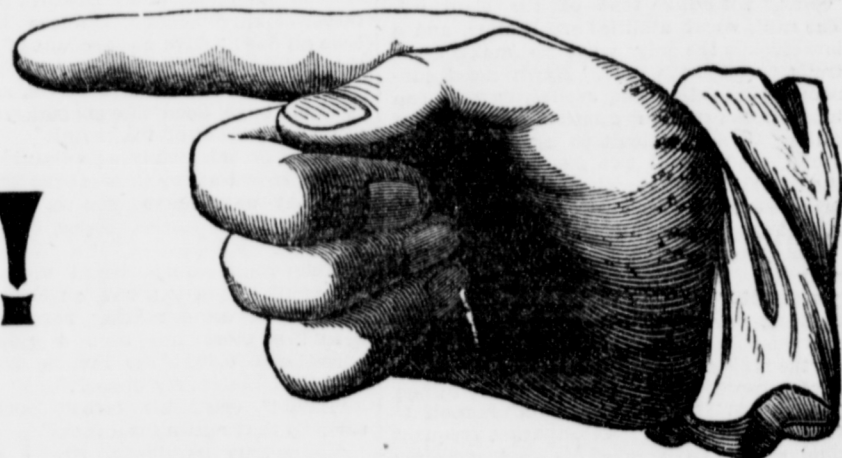
LADIES' & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Offered before. It is a forced sale for a few weeks, where the word profit is left entirely out. To quote prices for every article in our stock would take more room than we have on our paper, but here are a few to give you an idea what we mean when we say at and below cost:



CUTS BY

Klass & Levi!



Good Calico.....	2½c per yard	Large Bed Spreads.....	75c each	Men's Rubber Overshoes.....	50c a pair
Best Indigo Blue Calico.....	6½c per yard	All-Wool Flannel.....	16c per yard	Best Cotton Batting.....	7½c a pound
Good Bleached Cotton.....	6½c per yard	Men's Undershirts.....	25c each	All-wool Ladies' Hose.....	25c a pair
Fruit of the Loom Cotton.....	7½c per yard	Men's Canton Flannel Drawers.....	25c a pair	Men's Nice Suits.....	\$5
Great Western Cotton.....	6½c per yard	Good Jeans.....	16c per yard	Men's Jeans Suits.....	\$3 15
Good Brown Cotton.....	5½c per yard	Ladies' Nice Vests.....	40c each	Men's Nice Suits.....	\$6
Best Plaid Cotton.....	7½c per yard	Ladies' Custom made Button Shoes.....	\$2 to \$3 50	All wool Suits.....	\$8 to \$20
Best Gingham.....	7½c per yard	Boots, calf skin.....	\$2	All-wool Pants.....	\$2 50
Best Dress Gingham.....	9c per yard	Ladies' Calf Button Shoes.....	\$1 50	Boys' Nice Suits.....	\$4
Good Bed Ticking.....	8c per yard	Ladies' Button Shoes.....	\$1 25	Boys' Nice Suits.....	\$5 25
Best 10-4 Sheet.....	20c per yard	Ladies' Front Lace Shoes.....	\$1 25	Children's Nice Suits.....	\$1 75
Good Heavy Canton Flannel.....	7½c per yard	Men's Boots, whole stock.....	\$1 75	Children's Nice Suits.....	\$2 10
Good Bed Comforts.....	75c apiece	Ladies' Front Lace Calf Shoes.....	\$1 35	Children's Nice Suits.....	\$2 75
Good Corsets.....	40c each	Ladies' Rubber Overshoes.....	30c a pair	Men's Nice Hats.....	50c to \$3 50
				Men's Good Jeans Coats.....	\$1 50
				Good Jeans Pants.....	85c
				Full line Ladies' Circulars and Newmarkets at very low prices.	

Ladies, don't spend a dollar for Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, &c., till you have seen our goods and heard our prices. Don't delay; remember this is no old trash we are offering, but

FRESH, NEW, STYLISH GOODS.

All bought this season.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We will only sell at these prices at Retail and to no merchants, except for thier own use. This is done to give every one a fair chance at these bargains.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

You can save on every purchase at least 25 per cent.

Stanford, Ky., Nov. 26, 1885.

KLASS & LEVI.

W. P. WALTON.

Catching Toothsome Birds on the Wing—In a Gunning Skiff—The "Pusher"—The Rail's Skillfulness in Strategy.

[Philadelphia Press.] Both redbirds and rail begin to arrive in the Delaware marshes about the middle of August. Lured by the vast area of feeding ground and the apparent solitude which hangs over their favorite haunts, they settle in flocks upon the tempting flats and commence to line their ribs with the delicately flavored plumpness which makes the epicure's diaphragm tingle.

Thousands of gunners, restrained by the exacting game laws of Pennsylvania and the West Jersey protective association, wait impatiently for the day upon which they will be let loose upon the feathered visitors. Guns are cleaned, shells loaded, skiffs repaired and every preparation made for the coming sport. On Aug. 25, New Jersey releases the grip of her protecting hand and the battery opens. From Bordentown to the bay, the cannoning is terrific and the birds take their meals upon the "catch-as-catch-can" system. The first day of September opens the season along the Pennsylvania shore, and few of the rail and redbirds live through the siege. Late in October a few flocks of able-bodied specimens and a line of straggling cripples make their escape from the fiery circle of death and wing southward. Every conceivable weapon is brought into service during the campaign.

OUT IN A SKIFF. The old single-barrel muzzle-loader kills as surely as the latest Scott or Remington, and the secret of success lies more in the shooting than the gun. Not being gifted with wings to follow the birds, the gunner either tramps through the mud or pushes his way with a skiff. The recesses of the marsh are inaccessible to the skiff at low water, and, save an occasional bang from the shotgun of a tramping sportsman, there is peace among the reeds while the tide is out. The gunning skiff is double-bowed, almost as light as a racing shell and is propelled through the tall reeds by a pusher, who stands upon the rear stern, with his forward foot braced against a cleat. The pole is smooth and round, from fifteen to twenty feet long, very light and strong, with three blunt prongs upon one end and a half-round knob upon the other.

The pusher pokes the pronged end into the muddy bottom, leans his weight upon the pole, taking hand-over-hand grips as he grows shorter and the light skiff shoots ahead through the rustling reeds. The gunner sits or crouches in the bow, with his gun on full cock. The pusher faces straight ahead, and, if an expert in his business, never looks at his pole. When he sights game, he cries, "Mark right!" or "Mark left!" according to the side of the skiff it is on, or simply "Mark!" when it is in front. High water is the harvest time. The wary birds, driven from the river front, congregate upon the ridges and knolls back toward the main land and are difficult to reach, unless the "flood" is on.

GUNNER AND "PUSHER." The rail never clings or perches, and only gets up out of the mud to fly. The "pusher," however, spends his time clinging to the reeds or sitting upon low bushes and trees along the bank, and runs upon the ground. His plaintive "pink pink" is heard constantly during flight, but when feeding the note changes to a sweet, conversational "chick," not unlike that of the blackbird. The rail's vocal abilities are limited, and a low chuck is the only noise he makes as he trails through the mud. Experienced gunners, by imitating the redbird's note, can bring flocks within gunshot. The art of calling them is difficult to acquire, but the sound, made with two fingers laid across the mouth, is so natural that it will often bring the birds back two or three times after being shot at.

The gunning skiff accommodates but two men, and is very cranky. The pusher's position is a ticklish one at all times, and the least variation of posture or sudden movement of an inexperienced gunner will set the frail craft to rocking uneasily. To save the pusher occasionally suffers watery martyrdom, and "spills" himself to restore equilibrium. Anticipating frequent duck ags, he has arrayed his waistcoat figure in garments that can be ruined by such a trivial occurrence as a mud bath, and he clambers on board again dripping like a spaniel.

Having visited the marsh to feed, the birds seem unwilling to leave it until they grow fat. The "pusher," in his plumpest condition, is covered everywhere with soft, yellow fat, except a small bit of red meat upon the breast point. He picks perfectly clean, like a robin, and owes his popularity somewhat to the fact of his appetizing appearance before being cooked. It requires a professional picker, however, to do justice to the "rail," which is covered from neck to claws with a close fuzz or down that is exasperating to the inexperienced feather plucker. The "rail" is the game bird of the two, and a gunner's count is always made upon the number of rail he bags.

THE CUNNING RAIL. Sometimes, when surprised by the sudden appearance of a skiff, the cunning bird will disappear under water, and cling to the reeds with his feet until the danger has passed. Four or five boats may pass over him while in this position without discovering the trick. The point of his bill sticking out of the water supplies him with sufficient air to breathe. The sixth gunner may bag him if his courage and confidence give way and he comes to the surface to fly. A gunner on the river side of a marsh that is being heavily gunned, is often surprised to see "rail" starting up clear water. They have been driven under by the boats in the reeds and paddled out unobserved to come to the surface and take wing suddenly. Though skillful in strategy, however, the rail, unfortunately for himself, possesses a great stock of curiosity. A gunner quietly drifting up a narrow run, sometimes whistles or knocks with a shell upon his boat. Curious to learn what the noise is, a rail will push out from the reeds and have a look. After the shot, another inquisitive specimen will often appear and suffer the fate of his predecessor before his curiosity has been satisfied.

Fine shot and light charges of powder do the work most satisfactorily. The usual load is three and a half drachms of powder and from a half ounce to an ounce of shot to each shell. The size of shot varies from 8 to 10, and the finer it is the better. A hard hit "red" is a mass of blood and feathers if coarse shot is fired. Fine shot goes through the bird without mangling.

A Beautiful Epitaph. (Counter-Journal.) In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl. On the stone were chiseled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.' I used to think, and I do now, that it was one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever heard.

LEEING DAVIE.

(Andrew Picken in Inter Ocean.)

Everyone knows that there are various degrees of excellence in lying, as there are in all the other polite arts. But there are some who, by their precocity of talent in this department of genius, discover at once that nature has designed them for achieving the most brilliant honors of invention; and this was the case with the subject of our memoir, who, in the days of his obscurity, was known only by the simple but unanimously awarded title of "Leeing Davie."

Davie's parents lived in Storey street, in the well-aired town of Paisley. They were very creditable people and had a numerous family, none of whom, however, showed any distinctive parts, save only Davie. It answered Davie's purpose never to do the things that he was desired to do, and to do various other things that he was strictly enjoined not to do, but let the case be ever so bad, Davie was sure to get himself out of it by one or more good, well-told lies. It was his stepmother who suffered most in these cases. Sometimes, in her zeal for truth, she let out expressions of perfect horror at Davie, calling him an inveterate and notorious liar; but this only served to make matters worse for her. The tables would be completely turned against her by the lad's inveterate skill and the father's partiality, until the cry of "my motherless children" became the watchword which always ended in restoring Davie into favor and throwing all the wrath of the father against the hapless and simple-hearted mother.

Davie was actually awkward at the truth. When it was necessary to tell a few words of truth to make a lie tell the better he hesitated and stammered and blushed, so that you could not help suspecting him, and the truth itself, but when he had got on to the main lie, for which he had gone through this painful preparation, he told it with such pleasure and with such a face that the whole showed that he was born to despise the inconvenient trammels of verity and to revel in the upper regions of pure invention. One day Davie, who was now 15, was sent by his stepmother with a message to a friend at the farther end of the town. It was war time, and volunteering and recruiting presented too many temptations for Davie to resist, so he never thought of his message or of returning home till late that afternoon.

It drew toward evening, and still no appearance of Davie. Mr. Peterkin being in a particularly favorable humor tonight, all the tricks and lies were tried, but without success. By his wife, and the two joined in heartily abusing the luckless lad. Now there was quartered in town a remarkably handsome officer, who created a great sensation among the women; and there was also in the town an uncommonly pretty woman, a Mrs. Templeton, who peculiarly favored this Capt. Palmer. Whenever, therefore, husband and wife were on such terms as to gossip comfortably together, a pleasant subject could not be started than the scandalous conduct of Mrs. Templeton and Capt. Palmer; and now to this very topic Mr. Peterkin and his wife had agreeably diverged.

When Davie was within a few paces of his father's door he applied to his wife, as formerly to get bits out of his scraps. But the greatest geniuses will sometimes break down, and Davie found himself at fault. He had tried his fancy on all the subjects that were worthy of his powers. He had got into the room where his father and mother were sitting, without a single thought occurring to him to account for his day's absence. But as he slipped into the room the names of Capt. Palmer and Mrs. Templeton struck his ear, and he had the whole thing ready; and not only so, but his fancy being now awake, a train of ideas darted into his head, all the way from the seat of war, that would almost have filled a newspaper.

"You unmanageable rascal!" said his father looking around, "how can you be so late! Give an account of yourself this instant!" "So I will, father," said Davie, modestly; "I would have been home long ago, but I could not get out of the crowd."

"What crowd, you lying villain?" "The crowd at the Cross about the news." "What news have you brought now?" None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do."

"Then you have not heard the news, sir? The mail's not in yet, but an English rider came down on a reeking horse with the news that there has been a great battle abroad and 90,000 of the French killed, besides Gen. Bonypart himself!"

"Davie!" cried his father, cooking his ears, "is that really for a fact? I saw the rider at the town's house, and there's a great crowd waiting for the mail. But I would have gotten home well enough only for the business about Mrs. Templeton."

"Mrs. Templeton," cried father and mother together. "What of her? What is the story about her, Davie?" "Oh, she has a new husband, that she ran off with Capt. Palmer this morning in a chaise and four, and—"

"There, now, gulesman, I told you!" cried Mrs. Peterkin. "O, the wanton wretch! But what more, Davie?" "I thought you had heard of it," said Davie, quietly; "but there was Mr. Templeton himself in the chaise-and-four after them; forbye Will Craig, the town officer, mounted behind him with red coat and the two dragons riding before, an' all flying like Jehu!"

"But who told you these particulars, Davie?" said his father. "I should like to know your authority."

"Was Deacon Dote," answered Davie, readily. "I told him as the Cross, and he asked kindly for you and mother, and he asked Dote is a s'ponsible, sensible man, and it must be an undoubted fact," said Mr. Peterkin solemnly. "This is a most extraordinary war!"

It happened to be club night, and the hour was now at hand; so Mr. Peterkin, knowing the importance in his club was in proportion to the news he brought, rose instantly from the table, impatient to be first with the intelligence. Never did a man change his coat and brush his hair over the bald places with greater pleasure than did Mr. Peterkin this night. His wife and he were in perfect fondness and cordiality from delight in their social morsel of scandal.

We leave the reader's imagination to conceive Mr. Peterkin's pleasure on finding that he was the sole learner of and referee upon this news, so refreshing to the weary spirits of a country club. He was somewhat damped on finding that the English rider's intelligence about the great battle was not confirmed by the newspapers which soon after arrived. But the story about Mrs. Templeton was so rich and so profitable that it eclipsed all the foreign news that had been brought to the club for months. Not but that the zeal of the club for vir us and morals and all that was greatly kindled, but the zeal and honest wrath of the members was chiefly manifested by the turn of the conversation to similar instances of female frailty, and the most interesting and instructive discourse was kept up upon the subject the whole evening.

Mr. Peterkin and his wife rejoiced in the

pleasure of their story for two whole days, and had the satisfaction of hearing it confirmed everywhere; in fact, it was the talk of all the talkers in town. On the evening of the second day, however, while the two sat at tea, discussing the additional particulars which public rumor had by this time engrained upon it, a knocking was heard at the door, and the servant girl informed Mr. Peterkin that two strange men waited at the door to speak to him.

When our friend had descended the stairs he started with surprise on seeing the king's messenger and William Craig, the town's officer, waiting for him. "Is your name James Peterkin?" said the former, with legal formality.

"It is," replied Peterkin, his heart in his throat.

"I serve you with this instrument, with witness present," said the messenger, putting a paper into the frightened man's hand. "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Peterkin," continued the messenger, "ye had better scald your tongue in hot ball than to have raised this dishmaclever about Mrs. Templeton! Ye were to be examined before the public functionaries within the clerk's chamber to-morrow at 11 o'clock, there to answer at your peril! An' there'll be Mr. Templeton, himself, to confront you, sir; an' if it be proven upon you, you shall be punished with the utmost rigor of the law."

"And I would advise you as a friend, Mr. Peterkin," added the officer, striking in, "to keep out of Capt. Palmer's way, for he's going about with a sword, new out of the scabbard, and a pair of great horse pistols, swearing that if he gets you he'll stick you like a calf an' blow your brains out forbye!"

"You're in a melancholy predicament, I tell you as a friend," rejoined the messenger, "and so, good night."

At length the dreadful moment arrived, and Mr. Peterkin, having adorned himself with a clean frilled shirt, girded up his strength and marched forth to take his trial. Great was the bustle on his arrival in the court.

"James Peterkin," said the provost, with sonorous solemnity, "you are accused of having maliciously spread abroad certain false and scandalous reports, injurious to the character of a worthy lady. What have you to say in your defense?"

Mr. Peterkin's mouth was as dry as a burnt stick and he looked round for help in vain. "I am sorry to see you standing at this disgraceful bar, Mr. Peterkin," said little Bailie Shuttleton, who, having lately married a handsome young wife of whom he was desperately jealous, felt a laudable zeal and a sensitive sympathy in a matter so nearly touching his own.

"How could you, sir, be guilty of spreading such a scandal?" said Bailie Farrier next, who was by no means uninterested in the affair, for the good people of Paisley had uttered dark sayings regarding him and Bailie Shuttleton's young wife.

"Have you any witnesses, James?" inquired the provost. "Yes, Bailie," replied various, "he courted me; for at this moment Deacon Dote entered the court, and at Mr. Peterkin's request, he was ordered to stand forth."

"William Dote," continued the chief magistrate, "did you tell the defendant these scandalous particulars against the character of Mrs. Templeton?"

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed the deacon, indignantly, "I did no such thing. I could have had the heart to speak a word to disparage that sweet Mrs. Templeton. Besides, Sir Provost, I have spoken to Mr. Peterkin this whole fortnight."

"But you told the story to my son Davie," said Peterkin, with great courage. "Come forward, Davie, lad."

Davie came forward modestly, gracefully, and with an air of honest confidence. "Young man," said the provost, "hold up your head and never be ashamed to tell the truth. Did William Dote tell you last week these particulars reported of Mrs. Templeton?"

"No, your worship's honor, he did not." "Did you not," interrupted his father, "tell me the story about Mrs. Templeton Tuesday evening last, you villain?"

"Not a word, father; you're entirely in a mistake, but I heard my father and mother talking about Mrs. Templeton and Capt. Palmer when I came home frae the volunteer park."

"This is a black business, Mr. Peterkin," said the provost. "If you're not able to raise 500 or 600 pounds sterling for damages I am afraid the auld jail will have a glorious addition to its inmates. I have thought you a man of truth and character till now, yet there's your own son, whose very face has honesty in it, has convicted you of falsehood before this whole court."

"What have you to say in this business, mistress?" demanded he, as Mrs. Peterkin arose. "I have to say, sir," she answered, in evident wrath, "that all this business is a' clear to me as a green leek. It is just as visible to me as a pimple on your nose; that this whole misbehavior is raised by that brazen-faced Davie, the leeing callan there. I can tell you, sir, from black experience that the ne'er-do-weel is one of the most inveterate, incorrigible, mischievous leavers that ever opened a mouth! The auld father o'—himself is but a bungler to him. I heard the whole story frae him w' my ain ear, an' he told me it as plain as the sun in the sky."

Little Bailie Shuttleton now drew himself up, and proceeded to catechize Davie. "Now, my lad," he began, "speak freely. Did you tell nothing to your father and mother last Tuesday of a gentleman and lady having eloped together, and of other persons going in pursuit of them?"

"Yes, sir, but said nothing about Capt. Palmer and Mrs. Templeton."

"And when, then, did you tell about?" "I'm afeared to tell sir," added Davie, modestly. The heart of Bailie Shuttleton gave a suspicious bump, while an awful silence descended upon the court.

"Nay, but what was the name of the lady?" said the provost. "Weel, sir," said Davie, "it was just Mrs. Shuttleton, the laird's young wife, and the gentleman was just Capt. Farrier, beside you there."

"Farrier and Shuttleton might have been taken for Palmer and Templeton, certainly," said the provost with judicial gravity. "But who dared to tell you that Bailie Farrier had run off with my wife, young man?" said the jealous little magistrate, hardly able to sit on his seat with vexation.

"I saw it w' my ain een, sir!" said Davie. "By this time the whole crowd without the bar was in a titter of whispering surmises about Bailie Shuttleton's lady. William Craig, the officer, was making the most magnificent grimaces to Deacon Dote and to the laird's young wife. Capt. Palmer, who stood behind looking through his eye-glasses at the scene, burst out into audible laughter.

"But who told you the particulars you told your parents, boy?" continued Bailie Farrier, determined to sift the matter, "if it was not Deacon Dote?"

"It was just Deacon Dote, the meal-monger in Dry street," said Davie readily. "Faith, the coldest done for now, I'm thinking," said Craig, the officer, whose shrewdness was well known. "Deacon Dote did not far to fetch, bailie; I saw him pass the window this minute."

"Bring him in, William," said they all; and waddy he came, looking at all in worth do'ng well."—Chesterfield.

and by this time Mr. Peterkin and his wife were rather enjoying the scene than otherwise.

When the other deacon was brought in and was confronted with the lad, the whole story was seen to be a tissue of fabrications, and the tables were completely turned upon Davie, who was forthwith committed for twenty-four hours in the jail.

But Davie himself was not particularly discomfited by this passing "menhacer," and before two days were over had brought home to his father another pleasant story, how the provost of Paisley had given Capt. Palmer a black eye in a duel fought at the back Mrs. Ralston's public house, about Mrs. Templeton.

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

(Foreign Letter.)

The Countess O'Sullivan, otherwise "Mme. Wolter," the eminent Viennese actress, relates in *Le Figaro* the story of her recent performance at Munich, before the king of Bavaria, who was, as is his invariable habit, the sole spectator on the occasion. Mme. Wolter owed to having looked forward with considerable misgiving to the prospect of facing an empty house, accustomed as she is to having the theatre packed from pit to ceiling.

Nervous and trembling when first she stepped on the boards, she all at once became inspired by the reflection which suddenly occurred to her that what her audience wanted in quantity it made up in quality, King Louis being notoriously one of the most passionate play-goers, and admittedly one of the best judges of acting to be found in his dominions.

She was not long in recovering full possession of all her powers, and she has rarely, she says, been able to throw so much fire and spirit into her acting as she did on that occasion. She several times tried to make out the silhouette of her solitary auditor, who was seated in the royal box opposite the stage, but failed to pierce the darkness in which the auditorium was enveloped; for that part of the house is, it seems, never lighted when King Louis goes to the play.

Mme. Wolter is inclined to justify the sovereign's craving for solitude on the occasion of his visiting the theatre. The sight and noise of a full and brilliantly lighted house keep continually destroying the illusion, and, recalling the spectators and the actors to the realities of life. The suppression of every element of disturbance and distraction permits the king not merely to enjoy the spectacle with complete freedom from interruption of any kind, but to surrender himself so fully to the artistic illusion as to take, in Mme. Wolter's words, "the fable of the poet for the reality," and it is known that King Louis's absorption in a well-acted piece does, in fact, go that length.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

(Texas Siftings.)

A farmer hired a man to help work the farm. One summer day, when labor was very scarce, the two were mowing in the field, and several larks flew up.

"Look at those big cranes," said the hired man.

"Those are not cranes; they are only larks," replied the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"If you don't say that they are cranes, I'll knock off work right now," said the hired man.

As the farmer could get nobody at that time to take the hired man's place, he was obliged to yield to the whim of the manial. "Yes," said the farmer, "I see now that they are cranes, but they are not big cranes; they are only half-grown cranes."

The hired man was satisfied with this concession. Some months afterwards, the hired man still being in the employment of the farmer, the latter said at dinner one day, as he poured out a glass of water:

"Here is some very fine beer."

"No, no, no, that's only water," replied the hired man.

"If you don't say it is beer you can tender your resignation, for I don't want any offensive partisans about the place."

The hired man knew very well that he couldn't get another situation at that time of the year, so he tasted the water, and cheerfully endorsed the administration.

"Of course it's beer, but it hasn't got much body to it."

Having thus convinced the president that he was sound on the goose question the hired man was allowed to retain his position.

Shrewd Mrs. Penackle.

(New York Sun.)

"I didn't always barrow the earth for a living," said Farmer Penackle, of Orange county. "I was once a wine merchant's clerk in Brooklyn. I married young, and my wife, who is sitting there now, with the reputation of being as good a farmer's wife as there is in the county, made just as good a mate for a hard-working clerk. Like many young couples we had bought furniture on instalment, and we were not able to pay all the sums as they fell due. Everything seemed to be going against us, and our little girl was sick, when I came home early one Saturday afternoon and found a craps hanging to my door-bell. My heart was in my mouth and my tears choked me as I met my wife.

"So dear little Minnie is gone!" I said. "Minnie's gone!" said my wife. "Oh, no. But the clerk's man will be around in minutes to seize the furniture, and I thought the craps might check him."

"It checked him. He halted his wagon a dozen yards away, walked on tip-toe to the door, examined the craps, and went softly away, afraid apparently, that some one might hear him. Minnie recovered, and in a few days afterward I scraped together enough money to pay the bill, but I haven't bought on instalments since."

Unsatisfactory Plight of Windsor.

(London Letter.)

The Lanest lately gave a dreadful picture of the unsatisfactory plight of Windsor. It is a special agent of the The Builder fourteen years ago, and is confirmed by a well-known Windsor clergyman, who writes: "In South place in this town there are forty-two houses, with a population varying from 170 to 210. These forty-two houses there are fourteen closets, all without water. Ten of these houses have no 'backs,' no sinks, no closets. All are without water. There are in these ten houses thirty-five people without the common decencies of life." The medical officer admits all this, but adds: "I do not feel justified in condemning these houses as unfit for habitation." Such is royal Windsor. No wonder the prince consort got his typhoid there.

Worship of the Shark.

(Exchange.)

In some parts of the African coast the shark is still worshipped and offerings of poultry and goats are made. Once a year a child is sacrificed to propitiate it. The victim is bound to a post in the sands at low water, and, as the tide rises, mingles its shrieks and screams with those of its mother until it is devoured by sharks.

Fifteen hundred telephone instruments in Buffalo, N. Y., are supplied with electricity by the water power of Niagara falls.

"To be a human is to forgive others."—Pope.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."—Pope.

ELEPHANT TALK.

INTERVIEW WITH THE MAN WHO BROUGHT JUMBO TO AMERICA.

History of the Largest Elephant That Ever Lived—Many Peculiarities of Eating and Drinking—About Elephants in General.

[Inter Ocean.]

"Jumbo was certainly a wonderful elephant," said Mr. Davis, "and his history is full of interest. He was born on the west coast of Africa in or about the year 1861, and was consequently 24 years of age—just in his prime. When still a baby he was caught and carried into captivity, his first destination being Paris, where he was kept till he was 4 years of age. He was then purchased by the Zoological society of London, England, and removed to their gardens in that city. He arrived there in June, 1865. He was then four feet ten inches in height. At the time of his death he was eleven feet four inches in height. When standing in a natural position the distance to the top of his head was twelve feet five inches. His actual weight was seven and a half tons.

In addition to his great size there were several peculiar physical features about Jumbo which excited much curiosity among naturalists, and led some eminent scientists to express the opinion that he was not an elephant at all, but that he was allied to the old and now extinct mastodon species. In his back there was a deep hollow, where, in other elephants, there was a large convex curve, and his head was curved in a marked manner where other elephants are hollow. His knees, too, were not in the same place as are those of other elephants. They were much nearer his thighs, making the upper part of his leg unusually short and the under part unusually long.

HIS LIFE AT THE ZOO.

"Nothing of particular interest occurred to vary the ordinary course of his everyday life until he was 12 years of age. He was then taken violently sick, and so ill did it become that it was thought he would die. He was very low for three weeks, but gradually his disease began to yield to the remedies applied, and Jumbo recovered. His growth was quite gradual, and was not distinguished by any marked or peculiar changes. As he grew in years and size he grew in knowledge and wisdom, and was very fond of society, and was never happier than when contributing to the amusement and entertainment of vast crowds of people.

"His special favorites, however, were little children, who were always treated by him with the greatest care and gentleness. He knew when a crowd of them were mounted upon his back. He allowed the little ones to handle his trunk and play among his feet, and was very careful not to trample on them or injure them in any way. On one occasion he was carrying a load of children in the Zoological gardens when a little one unobserved by his keeper crossed his path and stood right in his way. The sagacious animal at once stopped his course, and for a moment refused to go on when ordered to do so. The keeper then went round to see what was the matter, and found Jumbo gently picking up the little one, which was right at his feet, with his trunk, and placing him carefully out of his way. When he had accomplished this he went on as if nothing had occurred."

"WHAT DID JUMBO COST?"

"Mr. Barnum paid the Zoological association \$10,000 for him as he stood in the gardens in London. It took nearly a year's negotiating to secure him even for that sum, as many of the Zoological garden directors were greatly opposed to his sale. The only thing that induced the Englishmen to part with him was the fact that he was becoming unruly and dangerous. The superintendent of the gardens had made a report to that effect."

"Has Jumbo ever done anything to justify his reputation for having a vicious nature?" "No—on the contrary, he has always behaved with the utmost decorum—excepting when we attempted to transfer him from his yard in the Zoological gardens to the steamer that was to convey him to America. There are only a few steamships large enough to carry him. I had arranged for his passage on one of these. The landing was seven miles distant from his garden. Jumbo had not been out of his enclosure or seen a horse for eighteen years. We chained him securely and then tried to lead him to the steamer. We had hardly left the enclosure before he realized that something strange was on and he immediately lay down in the center of the road and refused to budge an inch.

A CASE OF OBSTINACY.

"All our efforts, all our persuasion was of no avail. Jumbo had made up his mind not to leave the place where he had spent so many happy years, and go he would never. He could help it. We got him back into his old quarters, and then set to work and had constructed an immense cage on wheels. This called for \$3,000 and several weeks' work in construction. We got Jumbo into it by strategy and thus took him off in triumph to the ship which was to carry him across the sea to America."

"What of Jumbo's manner of living?"

"He had a good healthy appetite. It cost \$40 a week to keep him in food alone. The diet of elephants is much the same as that of horses, excepting that they eat larger quantities. Eight or ten loads of bread used to be a small item of dessert at one of Jumbo's meals. I am sorry to say that Jumbo contracted several bad habits. He would never sweat, but was great on chewing tobacco and drinking of the wine that doth inebriate, or rather lager beer and whisky."

GOD-NATURED AND HARMLESS.

"Has Jumbo ever injured any one?" "No; and his devotion to his keeper, Scott, was something wonderful. These two had been together over twenty years. Scott always had his bunk within reach of Jumbo's trunk. He ruled the great beast absolutely, and that, too, by the power of love. He never cursed or beat him, nor used the cruel elephant hook so common with other elephant-keepers. When he was near by Jumbo was always content, but let Scott be out of sight or reach for even a few minutes and Jumbo became uneasy."

"How many elephants are there all told in this country?"

"About seventy-five. More than three-fourths are females, because experience proves that the female elephant is more docile. Elephants come from both India and Africa; by far the greater number are from India, on account of the superior intelligence and good nature of the elephants of that country. Jumbo was the only African elephant in Barnum's herd of eighteen elephants. There is little difference in the appearance of the African and Indian elephant; the former has a large palm-leaf ear and the latter a small ear. All elephants on exhibition in this country—and there are more in the United States than all Europe combined—were captured when from 6 months to 2 years old. When about a year old they are worth in their native country about \$50 apiece."

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

A Bible That Was Kissed to Pieces.

(Baltimore Herald.)
Three Bibles had an odor of sanctity to the desk behind which Squire Wiener is wont to confront the quaking law-breakers who are brought for trial to the western station house. Two of the Bibles are small, just alike, and in a good state of preservation. The third is larger, and looks as if it only needed to be raised to fall to pieces. Its back is in tatters, and the light-colored cloth in which it was originally bound is blackened to ebony. A reporter was struck first by the apparent superfluity of sacred literature, and secondly by the contrast in the condition of the volumes.

"The two small books are for white people and the larger one for colored," explained an officer in reply to an inquiry.

"But why the discrimination?" queried the reporter.

"Well, it is supposed," rejoined the officer with a laugh, "that white people want to kiss the same book that the colored people kiss."

The books—there being a full in the "business"—were neatly disposed one on top of the other against the wall at one side of the desk. The reporter thought that after such loving companionship there couldn't be much choice for a kiss. There he attacked the second problem.

"I presume this dilapidated volume is much older than the rest?"

"Well, no; I can't say that," replied the officer.

"The truth is," he continued, "they were bought at the same time. You want to know why that big one is in such a shabby condition? It isn't so much because it is used often, although it is, for the colored people do turn up over a little often than the whites. The real reason of the difference is this: The white people when sworn just touch their lips to the book in a sort of light and indifferent fashion. Not so the colored people. To them kissing the book is the most important part of their appearance here. It is to them a mystic rite that must be performed reverently, ardently, thoroughly. So they just precipitate themselves, as it were, upon that book. They fasten their lips upon it in a hot and clinging smack that just raises the cover every time."

The Suicide's Retreat.

(New York Cor. Pioneer Press.)
New York mixes its contrarieties thoroughly. Witness the fact that its famous play ground, Central park, is its place of tragedies. The wheels of millionaires' carriages roll on the asphalt roads past the seats of wretches desperate with hunger. The hoofs of gay equestrians' horses raise dust that settles on the ragged and shabby tramps. The secluded walks and shadowed recesses are thronged in the evenings by paired lovers, and in the mornings the bodies of suicides are found in these same sentimental retreats by the police.

Central park has become the chosen death place of so many people that there is an average of one suicide per day there. Most of them get lame mention in the papers, but the yield of interesting matter is so large that the police-station in the park is one of the points to which each city editor sends a reporter every midnight. The courtship of the poor of New York, and especially of servants who are denied facilities for that essential sort of thing indoors, is largely done in Central park. The policemen drive out the couples at 10 o'clock in the evening, and it is like shepherd dogs clearing vast flocks of sheep out of the woods.

Guards are maintained at the gates during the rest of the night, but it is easy to gain entrance elsewhere over the low stone wall. The water of the lakes offers absolutely costless means of death; the limbs of the trees require the scant outfit of a noose for strangulation; and to those who wish to buy poison, or with a knife to open a vein, the turf provides a soft bed for unwatched sleep. Had all the suicides been buried where they died, Central park would have become so much a cemetery that no objection could have been made to the interment of Grant. And if the motives of all the self-murderers could be learned there would need to be no further invention of themes for novels and plays.

Engraving Rings and Coins.

(Chicago Herald "Hambler.")
I was talking with an engraver the other day and he took his dice-box out of his eye and said: "The rage for engraving coins for bangles is still unabated. Dimes come to us continually with dimes and quarters on which they want engraved mottoes and on dearer things. These bangles they give to their young lady friends and to each other! Some of the things we are asked to put on rings and watches would make your back ache. A German came in here last week and said: 'You was pretty pishies, ain't it? I'll call since.' He went out and came back next day with a ring in which he said he wanted engraved the words 'But by death do us part.' We tried to tell him of his mistake, but he wouldn't hear of it, and we cut it in."

"Some people want terrible gushy things in their rings. One woman had us engrave the word 'love' three times in a ring, each word being more deeply underscored than the last. A west side boy has brought the same engagement ring three times to us to engrave. He was jilted twice, and he had the false one's name erased and that of the new dame put in its place. One motto we put in a wedding ring was: 'Each for the other and both for God.' I once cut a monogram on a woman's tooth. Fact! No, it wasn't in her head, but on a fellow's watch-chain! Over the river!"

The Craze for Wax.

(Chicago Journal.)
Two other things are being tried by the stationers to make wax more expensive and fashionable. They are beginning to use thimbles to bear seals, and hope to make some designs a popular craze. Then scented waxes are being imported from Paris, with a variety of colors, more or less desirable and costly. It is said one French firm burns wax, the perfume of which when burning will fill a room and last for hours about the envelope.

New Kind of Brain.

(Sacramento Cal. Union.)
A new species of bear has been discovered on Mount Shasta which is found in no other part of the world. It is about the size of a shepherd dog, is white and very ferocious. Three have been killed lately.

A Dozen-Story Building Where Corn Starch Is Turned into "Grape" Sugar—History of the Corn—The Various Processes.

[T. C. Duncan, M. D. in Western Rural.]
"You want to know what that tall building is? Well, we will visit it. Count the stories."

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven windows up and down."

"Well, here we are in the yard, and I advise you to use your eyes. You will want to look sharp when we are in the building and keep close to me."

"Do you see those cars? They are full of corn. There we see the corn pouring out of the one at that spout. We will see more of the corn and its great changes. But let us go to the office and get a guide."

In short time the party were divested of all superfluous wraps and we will follow them to see what they saw. Away they went among great vats that looked like railroad water tanks, or until they came to a platform with a railing.

"Get on this and be careful for we will be carried right up." Away the elevator shot story after story, now past great wheels and belts, now through blinding steam, up and up.

"Be careful of that machinery," shouted the guide, "and go up that stair."

Up they went, now through a door along a dark passage beside a great iron water tank that laid on its side over 100 feet long, up another stair through another door, and behold they are on the roof—150 feet in the air. The whole city of Chicago lies at our feet. The sight would be grand if it was not for the cloud of smoke that hangs like a fog limiting our vision. We see a train crawling along like a snake, horses look like mice and men like brownies.

HISTORY OF THE CORN.

We cannot remember what was seen of the different stories but we can recall the history of the corn in this strange building. Here we see a long row of mill rolls and burrs. Some contain corn, some corn-meal or broken corn. The corn is wet. Where has it been? We see great vats where it has been soaked until it is swollen. It is then ground in those series of mills and then sifted on large incline sieves. The coarse particle: we see in troughs where a screw runs that pushes it over to another building where we are told it is made into food for cows. The white part we see spread out on the floor in narrow troughs and a stream of water is turned on. The water carries off the yellow part of the corn. This follows the coarse parts over to the other building.

After the yellow part, called gluten or nitrogenous portion is carried off, the white part or starch remains. How white it is. This white or starchy portion has two destinations. We will follow some of the nicest as we see it placed in narrow racks. My, how hot it is where they cord them up. There is one being emptied; see how dry and white the starch is now. There a man is putting it up in barrels.

"Perhaps you would like water," said the guide, as they passed a pipe that was leaking water on the floor. "Corn needs lots of water to digest it," a fact that is growing more and more apparent to the boys as the doctor explained that this mill was only a big model of our digestive apparatus. "Our saliva turns starch into sugar; we see the same process here on a grander scale."

FROM STARCH TO SUGAR.

Now they came to a lot of men who were shoveling the wet starch into a great vat. A man was carefully weighing it and as carefully pouring in a liquid out of big bottles. Now water was added, and this was soon boiling up in great big kettles. This sap was being carefully watched by skilled men. The boys wanted to know all about this part, but they were so often cautioned to look out, and so afraid of the hissing great hot caldrons that they were glad to get away into another room where were tall funnel-shaped tanks as high as a house. Here is one man filling. We see the put in first a great blanket and then pile on many feet of black charcoal in fine powder.

"These are percolators," explained the guide. "The sap that you saw boiling, when it is cooked in one after another of those great retorts is drawn off here where it is filtered. You will like it best after that. Let us go into the taste's room. Away they went into a small close room where clear streams of water were flowing, the boys thought them. Of course they were thirsty and wanted a drink.

"Why, it's sweet," was the chorus of young voices.

"This is corn syrup. You see some of it thick and some thin. This will have to be boiled over to make it thicker," said the guide. "This is thick enough to be condensed and crystallized. Follow me and look out."

"GRAPE SUGAR.

Away they went into another room, stilling hot with more caldrons and more kettles. Then on into another room, where were vats and lots of machinery. Here is a tub-like one with a screw in the middle. See the water fly; but the water is syrup, and the tub is a machine for squeezing the sugar free from the syrup. We see the blocks of iron contain a white or yellow center. That is sugar. There it goes to be loosened out of its iron prison. See it in great hard cakes. There are men shoveling it into a mill that grinds it up fine. Now we go into the laboratory and are shown fine white sugar made from the corn that looks as nice as any sugar."

"Tall, very sweet," remarks little Dan more to himself than aloud, but the professor heard it and explained.

"This is grape sugar, my boy, and not cane sugar. The chemical arrangements are different. We hope some day to go a-top higher, and make cane sugar out of corn."

Why They Don't Fail.

(Chicago Times.)
On the sides of the cave recently discovered in Calaveras county, California, are seen huge boulders, which seem about to fall upon and crush the invader of their grand domain. A closer observation will show, however, that the boulders, which originally were displaced from the roof, have been caught in a fissure in the wall, where they have remained in the same threatening attitude for centuries, as is shown by the depth of the calcareous deposits which cover them.

The American Game of Poker.

(Money) bat on athletic sports does not generally carry the demoralization of money put on cards where trickery is a component of the game. The American game of poker is like the highest form of alcohol, and it has set the world on fire. It is purely and only a game for betting, and its devotes are in every hamlet. No doubt it does, like war, test the staying quality and moral courage of a man, and yet, like war, it is the sum of all evils.

LIFE IN THE HAREM.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE AMONG THE WOMEN OF EGYPT.

A Life of Great Splendor and Total Idleness—Pity for the Women of Civilization—A Dinner in the Harem.

(Rose Eytzinger in New York Star.)

You ask if there is any home-life in Egypt, that old, old land of science, legend and superstition, of sensuous coloring, of semi-barbaric splendor, of Isis and Osiris, of Cleopatra the magnificent, and the mysterious pyramids—is there any home-life there? No, certainly not, as we understand it. Of course, the people there must eat, drink and sleep in obedience to the inexorable laws of our common humanity, but there can be no domestic life where there is no woman at the head of the household, and the Egyptian women are more realities. There is no middle class, so that they are divided into the two class extremes of high and low.

The high life is that of the harem, as they call it, and not harem, and is much better known throughout Europe than that of the lower-class Egyptian woman. During my residence in Cairo I was frequently admitted to the harem upon the invitation of the mother of the viceroys of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, father of the present pasha. Ismail was the viceroys, or second in distinction to the sultan of Egypt. The pasha was so afraid of being poisoned that his mother cooked all he ate, and for that purpose she accompanied him wherever he went. Poisoning is the favorite method in that country of getting rid of an obnoxious person. It is much more speedy and infinitely less expensive than a state trial.

THE LOT OF WOMAN.

With the exception of the viceroys' mother I never knew a woman of high position to know anything at all of the culinary art. I used often to spend a whole day in the harem and never saw any of the women doing anything useful. They are very seldom taught to read or write. Conversation is generally carried on with a foreigner in French through the aid of an interpreter. I soon picked up Arabic enough to converse with them without aid. They live in great splendor and total idleness. They have no pictures in their palaces and possess no foreign or native literature. They never sew, or even embroider, and their only recreation consists in seeing girls dance and in listening to some barbaric music, or to stories told them by an old woman in true Arabian Night's style.

The Egyptian women are fully developed at the age of 13 and old at 53. Their forms are usually most exquisite until fat—fat of both men and women in high life—destroys the delicate beauty of their outlines. The upper portion of their faces, eyes, brows and foreheads are wondrously lovely, but the lower part, below the nose, is ugly, badly formed and heavy, as a rule. Fortunately for them, they are enabled to conceal these defects by the veil they wear. So far from being discontented with their lot, the women of Egypt have the utmost pity for their civilized sisters, especially in matters of the heart. They say our husbands can care nothing for us, or they would not allow other men to look upon our faces, and think that civilized women possess no modesty to go unveiled.

As the men do the cooking and the main part of the sewing in Egypt, it is easy to see why there is no employment for women. Except in rare cases, their intelligence does not exceed that of an American child 10 or 12 years of age. Therefore, the men, although themselves not much superior, still have hardly any respect for them.

DINNER IN THE HAREM.

Let me describe a dinner in the harem when a guest is present. Their tables are always circular and about a foot and a half in height. They sit like dolls around them on cushions. The old, inactive and fat, once down, have to be pulled up. They serve but one dish at a time, and that in a large circular silver or brass or sometimes gold. They have no forks, knives or spoons, but each dips two fingers of the right hand into the dish and takes out a bit, the meat having been cut into small pieces in the kitchen. If they wish to particularly distinguish a visitor they select a dainty piece and place it in her mouth. It would be an insult to betray any feeling but delight at such a mark of favor.

A great dish for a feast, and one which few Christian women have ever tasted, is that of a lamb roasted whole. After the manner of a most of Chinese boxes, each smaller than the other, the lamb is stuffed with a whole turkey, the turkey with a chicken, the chicken with a pigeon, the pigeon with a quail, the quail with a bee, the smallest bird known except the humming bird. It resembles our reed bird in taste and makes just a mouthful. The lamb is roasted over a slow fire until it is cooked to shreds and melts into one as it were. The Egyptians have no systematized way of eating, no set time for meals, but keep up a continual munching of sweets, of which they have a great variety unknown to us, and all sickeningly sweet to a European palate. They use honey for sugar.

In an Egyptian kitchen there is a total absence of what a civilized cook would consider indispensable in the way of cooking utensils and appliances. There is no dresser upon which to arrange the dishes; there is no sink nor running water, nor anything like our cooking stove or range, but upon one of the shelves there is erected a structure of masonry which resembles a great square shelf with deep drawers, the openings to which are on the top. This queer object is the Egyptian range—the openings are charcoal furnaces, and as they are disconnected, a cook can have a dozen fires, or only one, as he desires. I have often been astonished at the excellence and delicacy of a dinner cooked upon one of these rude ranges.

A Midget Talks About Hand-Shaking.

(Philadelphia Press.)
"Don't you get very tired of the hand-shaking you must go through?" was asked the little Countess Magri.

"Yes, sometimes, it is very tiresome," she replied, "but on the whole I like it. I like the public very much. I find it taxes my strength sometimes to shake hands. People draw one's strength away, and then so few know how to shake hands properly. First you must get a dry, hard hand, then a moist one, next a thoughtless person will take my hand with a vice-like grasp, as if he entirely forgot that it was flesh and blood. The English don't know how to shake hands at all. They go at it as if they were working a pump-handle and seem to look upon it as a sort of muscular exercise. I sometimes wish everybody would try the Chinese plan of shaking their own hands and letting me do the same with mine."

Primary Election in 8th Judicial District.

The Democratic District Committee of the 8th Judicial District met at the office of the INTERIOR JOURNAL at 1 P. M. November 20th, and was called to order by Chairman J. E. LYNN. Present besides the Chairman R. H. Tomlinson, of Garrard, W. B. Patton, of Polaski, who held the proxy of Wayne, and Col. T. P. Hill, who held that of Rockcastle county. On motion of Mr. Tomlinson, W. P. Walton was appointed Secretary and then after considerable discussion, it was ordered:

First, That a primary be held in the several counties composing the said district on the first Saturday in March, 1886, between the hours of 8 A. M. and 7 P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Circuit Judge and Commonwealth's Attorney. Said election to be held at the regular voting places, to be by ballot and the name of each voter to be recorded in a book prepared for that purpose.

Second, That no one shall be eligible to vote at said election except those who are and will be entitled to a vote at the August election, 1886, according to the laws of the State, and who are identified with the democratic party, and who, if voting at the November election, 1884, voted for the democratic electors for President and Vice President.

Third, That the judges and clerks of the several voting places in the district, at the close of the polls, count the ballots and certify the number of the same to the Chairman of their respective County Committees and deliver the said certificate, with ballots and poll books to him, not later than the Wednesday following the said election. It shall then be the duty of said Chairman to examine and count the ballots and certify the result in his county to the Chairman of the District Committee, not later than the second Saturday in March, who shall announce the result and declare as the nominees for the respective offices, the candidates receiving a plurality of the vote cast for each office.

Fourth, That the Chairman of the various County Committees, appoint two judges and a clerk, who are democrats, for each voting place, to hold said election, as near as possible selecting a friend of each candidate.

Fifth, That the newspapers of the district are requested to publish these proceedings and then on motion the Committee adjourned.

J. E. LYNN, Ch'm.

8th District Committee W. P. WALTON, Secretary.

Primary Election in Lincoln County.

In conformity with a resolution adopted by the Lincoln County Democratic Committee at a meeting held November 21, I hereby order a primary election to be held at the various precincts in the said county of Lincoln on the same day and hours of the above, that is the first Saturday in March, 1886, between the hours of 8 A. M. and 7 P. M., the qualification of voters to be the same as provided in the second section of the above order, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various county offices to be chosen at the next August election. The vote shall be viva voce and be recorded in the usual manner. At the close of the polls the officers, whom I will hereafter appoint, shall certify the number of votes each candidate received and send the certificate with the poll books to me at Stanford by the Wednesday following the election.

As it takes money to secure poll books and time to prepare them, those candidates who wish to have their names enrolled will make it known to me by paying an assessment of \$1

J. E. LYNN, Ch'm.

County Committee

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sore, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

An Old Citizen Speaks.

Mr. J. M. Morris, an old citizen of Rome, Ga., says that he had been badly troubled with Kidney Complaint for a great many years and with Eczema for three years; at times could scarcely walk, and had tried many remedies without benefit, before he began taking Electric Bitters and, after a few days, he felt better, and he strongly recommends Electric Bitters to all who suffer with Kidney Complaints or need a Blood Purifier. Sold by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it praise it at every opportunity." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every Affection of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Trial Bottle Free at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store. Large size, \$1.

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To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchesi's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

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We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchesi's Catholicon, a Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchesi, Titus, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

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PLEASE DON'T FORGET

That we carry the Largest Stock of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware in the city;

That we are Millers' Agents and wholesale depot for Flour and Meal;

That our stock of Pleasure Vehicles, including everything from a Road Cart to a Barouche, is always complete,

And that we guarantee Lowest Prices, style and finish considered.

Also, that we still handle the celebrated Wagons, "Old Hickory" and Mitchell.

Big line of Farming Implements, Grain Drills, Turning Plows, both riding and walking,

And all of which we guarantee at Lowest prices.

BRIGHT & METCALF, SUCCESSORS TO BRIGHT & CURRAN.

A Grand Combination

One year for only \$3—two papers for little more than the price of one.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

—And the Louisville—
Weekly Courier-Journal

By paying us \$3 you will receive for one year your home paper with the Courier-Journal, the representative newspaper of the South, democratic and for a tariff for revenue only, and the best, brightest and ablest family weekly in the United States. Those who desire to examine a sample copy of the Courier-Journal can do so at this office.

W. P. WALTON.

Let us give thanks. In the history of our country, the people have never had greater cause for being glad and thankful than in this good old year of our Lord, 1885. At peace at home and abroad; with sectional animosities nearer obliterated than ever before, and with a fraternal feeling fast taking its place; with bountiful crops and commercial prosperity; the absence of epidemic and virulent diseases; for these and all the manifold blessings vouchsafed to us as a nation, we are and should be profoundly grateful and thankful to the Giver of every good gift. The custom of setting apart one day in every year for the giving of thanks originated in New England, but since 1862, when Lincoln issued the first proclamation for a day of national prayer and thanksgiving for the success of the Federal Armies and a triumphant termination of the civil war, the fourth Thursday in each November has been proclaimed by the President of the United States and supplemented by the governors of the various States, as a day of national thanksgiving.

Congress has since made the day a legal holiday, and the custom of observing it will no doubt last as long as our government. Until late years the South has not paid that attention to the observance of Thanksgiving as they do in the North, but every year the day is growing more sacred, and now from one end of the country to the other the Christian people unite in giving thanks and praise to Almighty God. It is meet, too, that they should do so, for no nation under the sun is so prosperous and happy as ours. Originally we suppose it was not designed as a day of feasting, but as a man in more condition to feel thankful when his stomach is full, it is well that the innovation has been established and that the turkey the most glorious of birds, the eagle not excepted, has been designed for special service on that day. And while we who are able are enjoying the good things of life to day, let us not forget the poor and the suffering, but give them cause too to be thankful and happy. There are people right in this town, who long for the crumbs that fall from our tables and who shiver and suffer with cold for the want of proper clothing. They are deserving people, too, who fight hard to keep the wolf from their door. Let us give to them of our abundance remembering it is more blessed to give than to receive. So here's wishing that everybody may enjoy the day and for the especial benefit of those who love to read we present this double number of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, confident that they at least will be edified and entertained.

The Winchester Sun declares unequivocally for the whipping-post and in the course of a well considered editorial says: We are in favor of a whipping-post as the only speedy, cheap and effectual way of treating petit larceny and some other minor crimes. One fellow jumps up and says it is a relic of barbarism. We answer, that whipping is authorized to be applied to convicts, serving in the penitentiary, and is used often, as we learn, so when you send a criminal to the State prison to avoid threatening him, you are putting him in the very place to catch it. We know that this law is most objected against because it would fall heaviest upon the colored race. The law should be made to apply to certain crimes, and then let those who commit them suffer.

The best suggestion in regard to the proposed business meeting of the Kentucky editors comes from Mr. Hawthorne Hill, of the Louisville Commercial, in which he says: "It is doubtful whether any united effort can help newspapers to get subscriptions or advertisements, or to collect cash from patrons, as some have suggested. Every newspaper, in a business sense, must stand upon its own merits, the fittest surviving. A newspaper not wanting the orders of advertising agents at starvation prices can reject them without calling the attention of the whole State to it. An association which would support a worthless newspaper at the expense of better ones would be an evil."

Judge F. T. Fox denies that he is an applicant for office under Mr. Cleveland, but confesses to a willingness to have the lightning strike him in the shape of a good paying one. The president ought to do something for a man who talks as Judge Fox does about him. He says: "I regard President Cleveland the greatest man who has been in the chair since Washington. He has ideas of government above partisanship, I admire him further because he has sat upon the Knott-Beck ring of Kentucky, and because he has, in giving Kentucky its share of appointments, selected the best men."

A Milwaukee miss bears the proud distinction of being the only female switch tender in America. She earns \$10 per month and she is too sensible to accept the numerous offers of marriage made to her by lazy men who want to divide it with her.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Mr. J. S. Miller, recommends the abolition of the office of tobacco inspector and an unlimited bonded period for whisky. This latter proposition will be received with great favor by the producers of the article.

The New York Sun occasionally gets off the track, but as a general thing it steers very close to the democratic line. It is its fullest meaning a newspaper and in that respect always reliable and interesting. See advertisement in another column.

THERE will be no organized fight against the Bard of Equalization in the coming Legislature. The matter has been so thoroughly discussed that the people now understand it, and every honest tax payer of which class we hope there is a majority—is desirous that the Bard shall stand.—[Yeoman. We think you are mistaken. Hon. F. F. Bybitt has promised his constituents that it shall be repealed and there are a number of good reasons why it should be or greatly improved upon.

The Courier Journal is beyond compare the best morning paper published in the Southwest and pre-eminently the paper for Kentuckians. Read its prospectus in this issue and if you are not a subscriber enlist at once. We send it weekly with our paper for \$3 for both a year.

The Frankfort Capital will be issued daily during the session of the Legislature, which shows that there is always balm in Gilead and a compensation for every evil. The session lasts usually about 100 days and the daily will be sent the whole time for only \$1.

The London papers, after calling each other every mean thing they could think of, have wisely concluded to quit grumbling.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Galveston sufferers by the fire have received \$106,000 in contributions.

—A fine Bengal tigress, bought by New York for Central Park, cost only \$800.

—Near Dubois, Pa., a shanty burned and two drunken occupants, James McGraw and William Campbell, burned to death.

—The Secretary of the Treasury appointed James C. Dugan to be Local Inspector of Steam Boilers at the port of Louisville.

—Gen. Jonanovitch, dismissed from the Serbian army for disobeying orders, has committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver.

—The administrator of T. J. Nichols, who died from injuries received in an accident on K. C., has brought suit against that road for \$50,000.

—John Charles Fremont, the first republican candidate for the Presidency, is now seventy-two years old and is said to be in a state of extreme poverty.

—Miss Cora Erwin, of Kansas City, obtained a verdict for \$10,000 for breach of promise in a suit against Robert L. Jacobs, of Excelsior Springs, Mo.

—Willie Demand blew off his thumb and finger with dynamite, at Williams-town, Mich. The fright caused the boy's grandmother to drop dead from heart disease.

—The Secretary of the Treasury, it is stated, will dismiss a number of clerks Dec. 1 for being offensive and impolite to persons transacting business with the Department.

—Wm. A. Beach was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Twenty-third district of New York. There now remains but three Collectors who were in office March 4.

—James Menaugh, town marshal of Paris, is reported to have indicted such injuries upon a colored woman, named Snell, while she was under arrest, as will cause her death. He has fled.

—Elizur Wright died at Medford, Mass., aged 81. He was closely identified with anti-slavery publications in the days when the Abolitionists were making their bitterest and most determined efforts.

—The lower portions of New York city are inundated, both the Hudson and East Rivers having overflowed. The storm and tide is the worst ever known in the city. Millions of property has been swept away.

—Rumors of the death of King Alfonso were current Wednesday in London. Though they are probably incorrect, there is no doubt that he is in a precarious condition, and his death may occur at any moment.

—A mass convention of the voters of Hardin county will be held at Elizabethtown, December 20, to give expression to their wishes in reference to the appropriation of \$10,000 surplus fund now belonging to the county.

—Ex Confederate soldiers, who were drafted into service, are being swindled by Washington claim agents, who delude them with the idea that they can collect from the government for the reason that they were forced to fight.

—Near Clarion, Pa., two robbers went to the house of an old man named Jacob Laff and on his refusal to divulge the hiding place of his money, poured petroleum on him and set fire to it. He told where the money was but was terribly burned.

—Bourbon county is in a prosperous condition. Her last Court of Claims was in session only a day and a half and the only levy made was ten cents on the one hundred dollars for county purposes. The taxes, State and county, only amount to 62½ cents on the \$100.

—Col. Charles Green, President of the St. Louis Fair Association, is in Washington to have a bill introduced in Congress locating the International Fair in 1892, commemorative of the landing of Columbus, at the Mount City, Louisville and Chicago will contest for the location.

—Pittsburgh nail-makers are on a strike, and the manufacturers there claim that Eastern manufacturers in the same line are furnishing the strikers with funds, and propose to continue to do so until the strike ends. This shrewd but uncommercial conduct gives the Eastern men a complete monopoly of the nail trade, and they are making the most of it.

—King Milan has decided to abdicate the throne since his fearful defeat and will likely be succeeded by Prince Karagevitch. The Bulgarian losses so far in the campaign are 200 dead and 2,000 wounded, 350 of the latter being severely injured. Sixty-four Serbian officers have been killed or wounded. Five hundred starving Serbians have succumbed to the Bulgarians on the frontier.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Utah Dunn has returned from the South.

—Miss Dollie Williams is at home from Harrodsburg on a furlough.

—Eliza Sutton, who has had a serious attack of fever, is reported improving.

—The candy party of last week was financially a success. The few who attended Reid's peripatetic concert are apologizing for their blunder.

—It is noticeable that in the scarcity of preaching the citizens of Hustonville have decided to mend their own ways, which is attested by a liberal application of gravel to the streets.

—Dave Allen is off again with a car load of hogs bought at \$1. Will Hocker has taken a position at the Rowland railroad office. Josh Swope is growing fat on his candicacy.

—Have just returned from an eight-days' ride among the "deestrix," and have no means of catching on to current news. Was grieved to learn that R. H. Thompson, one of our best and most promising young married men, had fallen a victim Monday evening to the fearful typhoid fever. A young, intelligent and accomplished wife and five interesting little children survive him.

—The last exhibit of the accommodating spirit of the railroad is seen in the arrangement by which our mails—out and in—are sent to Milledgeville for distribution. The practical result is that the letter, which, in our palmy days, flitted over the ten miles intervening between us and Stanford in two days now requires three in which to make the transit. It is moved and seconded that we have our mails directed to Louisville and employ—by way of lightning express—Arch Carson's "Charles" to ply between this point and that. Are you ready for the question?

—After my late experience in wandering through the country I can not refrain from the declaration that for large, generous and cordial hospitality, unassuming and unfeigned generalship, and thoughtful and judicious attention to the wants of the wayfarer, old Lincoln stands without a rival. I went among her people a stranger and an orphan—not oppressively young 'tis true but fearfully diffident—and with old and young, among all classes, everywhere, all united in their contributions to my comfort and enjoyment. Vive Lincoln! May her future be heroic as her past, bright and peaceful as her present and staid as her history.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Fat hogs are worth 3 cents in Danville to-day.

—A. E. Gibbons is frescoing the ceiling of his business house on Third street and otherwise beautifying the same.

—Rev. P. T. Hale on Monday evening received a telegram announcing the death of his sister at Starkville, Mississippi.

—Heege's Bad Boy Company will exhibit at the Opera House to-night (Wednesday) and I. W. Baird's Minstrels to-morrow night.

—J. W. Guthrie, whose arrest was noticed in the last report, has not yet been tried. He is indignant over his arrest, and claims that he is maliciously persecuted. A suit for damages is talked about.

—Haas & Handman are killing and shipping about 400 turkeys per week. They are buying all they can find and paying good prices therefor.

—Mr. Peter Fox, son of ex-Judge Fox, of this place, is quite ill in New York. His brother, Mr. C. C. Fox, went to see him the beginning of the week. Mr. Basil Guest will leave Monday on a business trip to Washington City and Chicago. Mr. Charles F. Johnson, a turfman of Louisville, is in town. Mr. Francis Cropper, of Chicago, is visiting his mother, Mrs. M. E. Cropper, at Gilcher's.

—Geo. Grant planted his right duke in Henry Fry's left optic Tuesday night and then drew a navy on Henry and threatened to shoot him. George was tried Wednesday morning and fined \$20 and bound over to keep the peace. Dick Mason blacked John Fellman's eye and drew a knife on him. Dick's bill was \$10. Both are in the work house in default of payment. Two women, one white and the other colored, were sent to the work house five days each for lewd conduct. Mollie Brooks was the white woman's name and Bettie Cahl the "en-titledment" of the colored person.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—Thanksgiving turkeys are scarce. Not a great many will be used up here.

—The track on the railroad switch at this place is being laid with steel rails.

—We have had two days of almost continual snow, but it disappeared as fast as it fell.

—F. L. Thompson and wife have returned from a visit to relatives in Garrard.

—W. G. Adams is back from Missouri. Representative W. R. Ramsey, of London, was in town this week.

—The special term of the County Court yesterday resolved to build a new county jail. They passed a resolution asking the Legislature to give the county power to sell the county's bonds to the amount not exceeding \$8,000 for the purpose of building said jail. J. W. Brown, J. K. McClary and M. J. Cook were appointed a committee to draft a bill and present it before the Legislature at its session this winter. \$8,000 with the cells which are now in the old jail will build a very respectable one and jailer's residence. It will be impossible to begin work for nearly twelve months yet.

—Stock hogs 3 cents and corn \$1.50 per barrel are the ruling figures in Scott.

—Parquet Springs, near Shepherdsville, including the hotel and 190 acres of land, were sold under judicial decree at Louisville on Nov. 19—purchased by Geo. W. Simmons for \$3,900.

MARRIAGES.

—Married, at Monticello, Ky., Nov. 22, by Rev. W. J. Holtzclaw, Mr. Hiram R. Hays, County Attorney of Wayne county, and Miss Eva Owens, of Palaski county.

—In Pennsylvania a girl under age and without parent's consent to have a guardian appointed to sign her request for a marriage license, in case she wants to get married. The proceeding costs \$15. More than the average girl in that State is worth.

—In the breach of promise suit of Miss Bettie Turner against Mr. Thomas M. Ryan, at Mayfield, in which damage to the amount of \$5,000 was claimed, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, awarding her \$1,000. The verdict is heartily approved by the community.

RELIGIOUS.

—The faith cure people are holding a convention in Philadelphia.

—St. Joseph's, the first colored Catholic church in Virginia, was dedicated at Richmond.

—Mr. Beecher announces that the charities of the late H. B. Claflin amounted to about one million dollars.

—The revival now in progress at the Baptist church conducted by Rev. J. J. Taylor has resulted in twenty conversions.

—[Winchester Sun]

—The missionary societies of the Methodist church have appropriated the great sum of \$1,153,236 for home and foreign missions during the ensuing year.

—William Noble, the English temperance lecturer, plays an accompaniment on the concertina when he sings and calls upon his hearers to don the blue ribbon.

—A Thanksgiving service in which all the churches are invited to participate will be held at the Methodist church this morning. Rev. F. S. Pollitt will preach at 11 o'clock.

—Rev. Henry M. Scudder has received a flattering and unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Little Rock, the largest church in Arkansas. He will probably accept.

—Evangelist W. P. Harvey, Superintendent of Baptist Mission of the East district of Kentucky, in the last two months has raised \$2,500 for missions, held five revivals, resulting in 405 additions, and organized seven churches at important centres of influence.—[Courier-Journal.]

—Another faith-cure story has been set afloat. It relates this time to Miss Jennie Brown, a young lady of Newark, O., who has been brought to the verge of the grave by consumption, and who was last Monday anointed and prayed for by a disciple of the theory. She got up the next morning and continued during the week to regain her health with astonishing rapidity.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Big lot of Salt at T. R. Walton's.

—J. E. Lynn sold to Tom Wood 34 fat cattle, averaging about 1,400 lbs., at 4½ cents.

—J. M. Hail sold to Ad. Catron 39 slopping cattle weighing about 900 pounds, at 2½ cents.

—A. B. Bowling, of Fayette, bought 180 feeding cattle, weighing 1,150, at 4 to 4½—[Paris News.]

—Mr. J. C. Hays has bought principally in Laurel county, 38 head of 4 to 6 year-old mules at prices ranging from \$75 to \$125.

—The Times says the Georgetown Crenaeum is more than paying expenses since it has been run as an individual and not as a stockholder's enterprise.

—A dozen big cheeses, weighing from fifteen hundred to three thousand pounds, recently arrived at New York on their way to the English and Scotch markets.

—Dr. Doug Price has sold his flock of 128 turkeys at \$1 each. They are what the Dr. calls the yellow red, and are remarkable for their sale.—[Lexington Press.]

—Best butcher cattle are in demand in Louisville at 4½ to 4¾. Other grades drag at 1½ to 4 cents. Smooth packing hogs are active at 3½ to 3.85. Sheep are firm at 1 to 3 cents.

—The next annual meeting of the Kentucky State Horticultural Society takes place at Glasgow, December 1, 1886, and the L. & N. announces a rate of four cents for the round trip.

—The Cattle and Horse Growers Association is in session at St. Louis with 888 delegates present, who represent 45,000,000 cattle, 10,000,000 horses and a capital of two thousand millions.

—Uncle El. McRoberts shipped his noted gray horse South the other day to be sold. He is 19 years old and the amount he brings is looked forward to with interest by those who have known him so long.

—John W. Mastin sold his fine Woodford county farm, consisting of 265 acres, to Mr. John King, of Louisville, at \$75 per acre, cash. The sale was made through Col. C. E. Hoge, of this city, who recently became one of the purchasers of the Scott farm.—[Yeoman.]

—C. B. Sullivan, of Madison, sold to Mr. Gentry, of Lexington, 22 extra fat mules at \$125 each. This was the top of the lot, the others having been sold at \$122. J. W. Ferguson and son Rob and son-in-law Joe Hall, have just received 210 feeding cattle from Fleming county, for which they paid from \$3.90 to \$4.25 per cwt.—[Paris News.]

—WINCHESTER COURT.—There were 700 cattle on the market and generally of good class. About 200 feeders sold; 20 head, estimated at 1,050, brought \$51; 32 of same \$42.50 per cwt.; 34 head of extras, \$4.30; 25 head 4 cts.; 32 head \$4.38. This was the highest price realized. B. F. Robinson of Garrard, sold 62 head of good feeders, weight 1,060, at \$4.15; 33 No. 1 steer calves brought \$18.30. A few mules sold at \$100 to \$137.50.—[Sun.]

—A six inch snow covers a portion of Maryland, while at Lockhaven, Pa., it is three feet and still falling snowing.

THE CHEAP GROCER.

T. R. WALTON;

—DEALER IN—

THE BEST
GOODSAT LOWEST
PRICES.

And Almost Any Other Article in the Grocery Line You May Call For.

—IN ADDITION TO GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, HE KEEPS—

Tin-, Glass- and Queensware, Tobacco and Cigars, Fruits and Confections,

Notions, Ammunition and Spices, Nails and a Good Deal of Other Hardware.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES: Baskets, Bags, Slates, Pencils, Pens and Holders, Ink, &c.

Corner Main and Somerset Sts. is the best place to buy.

Well Paid Employment!

Can always be secured by you, if you are a competent Shorthand Writer. This you may become in a few months, at very little expense, by entering the

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While Shorthand and Typewriting claims our sole attention, our students can receive the very best tuition in PENMANSHIP, ARITHMETIC and BOOK-KEEPING at greatly reduced rates. If you can not come to us,

We Can Teach You by Mail as Thorough.

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W. H. HIGGINS

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rhos, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salesmen { W. B. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

—I have received and still receiving—

NEW GOODS FOR FALL & WINTER

Comprising the best in the market, which will be

Gotten Up in Style and Make Second to None in City or Country.

Give Me a Trial.

H. C. RUPLEY.

B. K. WEAREN,

UNDERTAKER,

—AND—

Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware room opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

GREAT CLOSING - OUT SALE!

HAYDEN & LYTLE!

In order to close out our Immense Stock of Dry Goods by January 1st, as we leave then for the West, we offer at retail

Twenty Thousand Dollars Worth

**Of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Fancy Goods, Etc.,
Etc., at and below Wholesale Cost.**

A greater portion of the stock is **NEW AND SEASONABLE**, having been bought for the present season's trade, and the Goods are of Superior Quality and Style, adapted to the requirements of the best trade. The unseasonable goods in stock are selling **BELOW FIRST COST** and induce purchasers to buy and carry over for Spring and Summer use. Great **BARGAINS** are offered in a limited amount of tail-end and slightly damaged goods, sold regardless of cost to insure quick sales. The sale is strictly for cash and no accounts will be made.

HAYDEN & LYTLE

74-4t Master Com'r Lincoln Circuit Court

BILL'S PATIENT.

[RE W. D.] in Chicago Tribune.]

In Danville in the heart of winter, when the snow buries the miners in the cabins, or the wind and ice slash them on the road, all that is best and all that is worst in these isolated men come to the surface. Bill Ragsdale, desperado, gambler, crack shot, the most unscrupulous claim-jumper in the diggings, found himself, much to his own surprise, converted by force of circumstances into a sick-nurse. He had shot several men and been fined at odd times himself, and through all maintained a feeling of comparative indifference. Therefore to watch, and work, and hope for the life of a man to whom he had not spoken more than a dozen times was enough to surprise Bill Ragsdale or anybody who knew him. The event had come about in this way:

One night, when the darkness had nearly worn itself threadbare and the gray of the morning was peeping through, Bill and a dozen companions were seized with a desire to wind up their noisy carousal with a dance. In the corner, sleeping, with his head on a bench, was a woman whose occupation it was to assist the barkeeper in ministering to the bibulous desires of the miners and to play the busy-body when these ferocious bacchanals wished to limber their joints with their clumsy dance. One of the men went up to the woman and kicked her roughly with his boot.

"See here, Col. Molly, give us a tune out of that old music-box of yours," he cried. Liquor and fatigue made the wretched creature insensible even to this rudeness. Seeing she did not move the man gave her an impatient shake, then twisted his hand in her hair and by it lifted her to her feet. The man laid her ungraciously as she screamed and struck out wildly at her persecutor, but Bill, in whom some latent spark of chivalry seemed suddenly awakened, sprang to her assistance with an oath and a menace. Every man in the crowd naturally considered this interference as an infringement upon their established liberties, and the indomitable Bill was surrounded by his late companions, who had suddenly converted themselves into executioners, and determined to defend the code of lawlessness. A dozen revolvers in the hands of as many bleary-eyed brutal men aimed, more or less unsteadily at Ragsdale, who caught his breath, made a movement toward his belt, found his revolver missing, and threw up his hands with an instinctive gesture—a protest of helplessness—when the door burst suddenly open and a man bounded in. As he did so a bullet carried off his high felt hat, two other buried themselves in the woodwork of the door, and the rest who had past him into the outer air. A second later the man who had struck the woman dropped dead on the floor. Then the smoke rose and showed Bill in possession of the dead man's revolver. "I've got the drop on ye," said Bill covering the nearest two with his weapon. "Put up your guns an' take Big Jim out o' here." Then he grasped the stranger's hand, which still held the smoking revolver. "Say, stranger, put it up," he said. "I don't know you, but but there's nuthin' ye can't have if ye want it. Let's go, Molly, an' get up," he roughly to the woman, who still crouched on the sawdust floor clutching his leg. Several of the men had carried Big Jim into a back room where the barkeeper grumblingly prepared for them. The newcomer picked up his perforated hat.

"I don't know who is in the right," he said. "I only saw an unarmed man defending a woman against a dozen men. I was directly in the line of their fire, and I don't know that I helped you any more than I helped myself."

The young stranger settled down to the diggings, and from that day on he and Bill were friends. They saw but little of each other, for "Boston," as Bill had christened the new-comer, seldom entered Ragsdale's haunts, but now and then the burly gambler took occasion to give his protégé a warning word when he saw the young man was likely to be bitten by prospectors more experienced than he. Occasionally there sprang up between them a sort of rough comradery, which existed without much demonstration, and which, perhaps, they both would have been a little ashamed to confess to. The rigors of the winter proved more than Boston's nurture could stand. Bill Ragsdale, on his way through the gulch, had heard, as he passed the little cabin which Boston had built near his claim, a man crying out and groaning, and, entering, found the young stranger delirious, no fire to keep out the freezing cold, and no food on the shelf. This exigency resolved itself into prima annuement for Bill. He kept house, cooked for the sick man (for, like all pioneers, he had some skill in both cooking and medicine, rather skeptical as to the efficacy of medicine, got one of the several doctors that flourished in the town. The sixth day of his illness Boston recovered his right mind and recognized Bill, who was filled with precipitate rejoicings. "I guess you ain't feelin' very smart," Boston smiled feebly and shook his head. "You've been sick a long spell," volunteered the nurse, cheerfully. "You about like to die?" The sick man smiled feebly, then asked:

"Am I going to get well?"

"Well, I calculate there's a chance if ye don't git no setback—an' ye ain't agoin' to, ye know," continued Bill brightly. Boston said nothing, but lay watching the other with that glassy stare the sick have.

"I s'pose you ain't got no folks around yer, yer yer?" Bill asked in a solicitous tone. Boston shook his head impatiently. He thought for a long time with his eyes fixed on the ceiling; then he aroused himself suddenly and motioned Bill to his side. When his companion had seated himself on the bed Boston laid one thin hand on his and said, while the tears of gratitude and feebleness gathered in his eyes:

"I know I would have died here alone if it hadn't been for you."

"Get out!" cried Bill indignantly. "Ain't we even? I guess I'd be out thar with my boots on if it hadn't been for you."

"I don't know that I care particularly about getting well, but if I do we're partners in all good luck."

Bill flashed and said: "I guess you'd better dry up now."

Boston lay perfectly still after this, and Bill thought he was sleeping; but after a time he saw his lips move, and bent down to hear what he was trying to say.

"Bill," he whispered, "if the worst comes, I'd like my father to know. His name is Edward Payson, of No. 1223 Beacon street. My name is George. I haven't made the most of my life, and the poor old man is gut out with me now. Then there were others—"

But Boston's voice sank and he fell again into a lethargic slumber. Bill lit a pipe and amused himself by frequent stirrings and pokings at the fire, which the wind tried to suck up and out. The sick man's fleeting reminiscence of his broken past had suggested to Bill the ever-mingling mind his own bitter retrospections. Presently he became conscious that the silence had in some way deepened—that the silence had become a noise had ceased so that the ear will become conscious of the presence of a clock by the cessation of its ticking. Bill went to the

bed. It was Boston's breathing that had stopped. A sudden terror took possession of the watcher. He felt he could not remain alone with that dead man and listen to the hideous wind. He threw his coat about him, pulled his hat over his ears, and fled from the place.

The drifts were terrible, and the sleet that beat upon his face was like the touch of death. The light of the railroad station shone through the storm, and toward this he struggled. The sleazy operator in the telegraph room started up in astonishment at the huge, snow-covered figure that staggered into the room.

"My partner is dead. I want to send a telegram to Boston. What'll it take?"

"How many words?"

"I don't know," said Bill. "I'm not up to this lay-out of yours. What's the limit?"

"Just write out—"

"Write out?" said Bill, grimly. "O, no; I'm no purfesser in a college. Just you write exactly what I tell you."

"All right."

"Just say," began Bill. "Edward Payson, No. 1223 Beacon street, Boston. Got that down?"

"Beacon street, Boston, yes," said the operator.

Bill continued: "I take my pen in hand—"

"No," said the other. "Cut all that."

"Ye see," said Bill, apologetically. "I want to break the news to the old gent. However, you know best. Just say his son George died here to-night of pneumonia. Will you bury him here and await your orders."

The operator read:

DEADWOOD, Feb. 2, 1878.—T. Edward Payson, 1223 Beacon street, Boston, Mass. Your son George died here to-night of pneumonia. Will bury him here and await your orders.

"That's right. I'll have him buried here till the old man comes. Now, young feller, I'm dead broke, but I tell you what I'll do. Here's my gun. I'll leave it in book with you till I make a raise. Is it a bargain?" The operator was glad to oblige Mr. Ragsdale, and told him that the arrangement was entirely satisfactory. Bill stood by the stove a moment.

"Poor Boston," he uttered, "poor Boston! A man can't tell when his turn's comin'." Then he passed out into the storm and the wind changed the door after him.

By 6 o'clock in the morning the storm had ceased, and a party of miners, passing along the railroad track, found not 100 yards from the station the dead body of Bill Ragsdale. It was frozen stiff, but two rough holes in his forehead showed that he had died from exposure. A few hours later Dr. Morgan rode a stalwart broncho as far up the gulch as he could go, then dismounted, and after great difficulty reached the door of Boston's cabin. He entered and found Boston the only occupant. There were only a few embers on the hearth. He uttered an exclamation and turned to the door. Boston made a slight motion with his head and asked feebly:

"Where's Bill?"

"I don't know," said the doctor. "How do you feel to-day?"

"Better, but I was very bad last night." The doctor blew up the embers, put on more wood, tucked the blankets about Boston, and began looking for something to cook. "How's the chest ached?" he asked.

"Very little pain," said Boston. "I wonder where Bill is." The doctor was busy in the manufacture of broth and did not hear him. He administered some medicines and gave the patient two applications. "The turning point is passed," he said to his patient, "you're bound to get well now!" Then he returned to town, but came back in the afternoon with Col. Molly and a supply of provisions. "Don't tell him about Bill," he cautioned. The next day he called again. Col. Molly was sleeping in a corner and Boston was sitting up in bed. In two days more Molly came back to town, and Boston, pale and very weak, was walking about the cabin. He had heard of Bill's death, and turned down another corner, laid in his book of memories. The terrible storm had swept down the telegraph wires, and among the delayed messages received by the operator about a week after Bill's death was the following:

BOSTON, Feb. 3, 1878.—BILL RAGSDALE, DEADWOOD: George Payson's father is more experienced than he. Will bury him here and await your orders. HENRY SCRANTON.

All the operator could do was to return word to Mr. Scranton that Bill Ragsdale was dead. In the meantime George Payson recovered from his convalescence and began a more earnest and systematic life. He left the town and secured a position in stamp-mill a short distance away, and the spring found him there, graver with a few premature gray threads in his beard. Some secret hope seemed to buoy him up, and some recollection, which could not have been all a pain, lived with him and kept a fire in his eye and vivacity in his speech.

One raw April day, when the snow lay in irregular patches over the ground and the mist rolled slowly up the sides of the mountains, the stage, lumbering along the muddy street, had in it two travelers of an unwonted type. The loaves smoking on the veranda of the hotel held their breaths with amazement as they saw a stately old gentleman descend and hand out, with all the unctuous grace of the old school, a lady so beautiful, so persuasive and young, that she seemed like one of the pale flowers pushing its head up through the snow in the barren woods. But the rapid inquiries as to their identity left the natives no wiser, and they were obliged to sleep on the mystery. The next morning, however, the keeper of the hotel came on the veranda with a piece of gossip. The old gentleman had sent for him and made special inquiries after one George Payson, who had died in February.

No one knew of such a man, and this information, or rather lack of it, was conveyed to the old stranger, who gave his name as Henry Scranton. He seemed greatly astonished and disappointed, and in the day he hired a team of mountain ponies and the only wagon there was in the place and drove out towards the mining camps. On the way he renewed his inquiries without success. At last, however, he happened to mention that Payson came from Boston.

"That's a chap at Stevens' Mill they call 'Boston,'" said the man he addressed. "I reckon he'll know about the man you're after."

The wagon was driven to Stevens' stamp-mill, and just as the old gentleman was assisting the young lady to alight his eyes caught sight of a familiar figure directing some workmen 100 feet away. He started a little, took a long look at the man who had attracted his attention, and then turned to the young lady with an assumed expression of nonchalance.

"My dear," he said, "I'm afraid we haven't been rightly informed about this man."

"Why?" she asked, dejectedly. "What makes you think so?"

"Well, the fact is," he replied, "it has just occurred to me that there might be some mistake about those telegrams we received last winter."

"Do you mean about the date?" she asked, "or the place?"

"The old man was trembling and he moved so that his tall form shielded her from the group of workmen."

"Not the date nor the place," he returned, "but Boston's voice sank and he fell again into a lethargic slumber."

Bill lit a pipe and amused himself by frequent stirrings and pokings at the fire, which the wind tried to suck up and out. The sick man's fleeting reminiscence of his broken past had suggested to Bill the ever-mingling mind his own bitter retrospections. Presently he became conscious that the silence had in some way deepened—that the silence had become a noise had ceased so that the ear will become conscious of the presence of a clock by the cessation of its ticking. Bill went to the

bed. It was Boston's breathing that had stopped. A sudden terror took possession of the watcher. He felt he could not remain alone with that dead man and listen to the hideous wind. He threw his coat about him, pulled his hat over his ears, and fled from the place.

laying one hand impressively on her shoulder, "but the man."

She let her cheek fall on the hand upon her shoulder with the quiet patience of a dumb animal.

"I'm sorry, father, if you have had all this trip for nothing, but as for the rest I don't know that it matters much. We might as well go back to the hotel."

"Well, no," said the old gentleman, "I don't think that would be the best thing to do." He drew her mantle about her and held it closed in a caring manner. "Now, if you will just try to remember, Eunice, how everything works together for good, and how apt sorrow is to turn into joy—"

She burst the mantle apart and laid her hands upon his arms.

"Father!" she cried, "what joy could come to me now?"

He stopped aside and pointed to the central figure of the group of men. Whatever the emotion she experienced, it swept over her like a flood and carried away on its tide the dejection and the misery that had made her face remarkable. She made no sound, but stood like one entranced, while her mind and her heart adjusted themselves to fresh circumstances. Then she walked quickly up to the group of men and laid her hand against the arm of the tall, fair one who was directing the others.

"You see, I've found you, George," she said, softly.

Then, as he turned toward her and showed his recognition in a quick flash of joyous incredulity, the cry that could be restrained no longer broke from her lips, and throwing herself upon a heap of dried branches on the ground, she sobbed as if she had found her life's sorrow instead of joy.

trying to End the War.

[Chicago Herald "Walks and Talks"]

During the recent visitation of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee there lay a sick man at the Grand Pacific moaning and groaning. The halls and corridors were filled with veterans; the banquet hall was directly beneath the sick man's room. The air was full of war talk and accounts of battles and sieges. The sick man could not sleep, and inwardly he cursed the day the war ever began.

Along about midnight, when, after two hours' vain effort to get repose, he heard an excited discussion down his corridor, he rang the bell angrily and a sentinel and original draftee named Sam answered.

"Sam," said the sick man, in a tone of desperation, "for pity's sake go down and find out from that crowd of rascals whether the rebellion will be over. Tell 'em I want to go to sleep." Sam went and pretty soon came back. "P.O. de Lor," Sam said, "day is no use talkin' to dat crowd. Day has jis done got froo wid Sumter and now dey is gettin' on to Bull Run," said Sam.

The sick man turned over and groaned. In half an hour Sam came back, and, poking his head in the door, whispered: "Mass' W—, dey is done got froo wid Shiloh. Can't I bring you nuffin?" The sick man, seeing the point, said wearily: "Sam, if you will, bring me news that the rebellion is ended. I'll give you half a dollar." Sam grinned and went off. In a few moments he came back and whispered: "Day am marchin' froo Georgy, Mass' W—, an' 'll soon be up in N'orth Carolina." Again he went away, but as by this time the draftee had got to be as big a nuisance as the Army of the Tennessee, the sick man said: "I guess the war won't last much longer. Sam, I'll give you your half dollar now. You needn't come back."

The Deadly Simon of the Desert.

[Lavinia S. Goodwin in The Current.]

When the simoon, or virulent sandstorm, approaches, it is the camel that warns the master. His keen sagacity detects the danger before any sign is visible to man, and with a distressed roar, which is heard away from the swift-moving current of yellow or lurid gas, which to breathe is death, and plunges his head into the sand. In all haste the traveler throws himself on the ground face downward, with closed mouth, and hands covering his nostrils. Many times even these precautions fail, and this proves the end of life's journey for man and beast.

At the best, after experiencing shooting pains and the symptoms of paralysis, the man breathes again, the mysterious deadly vapor having passed in a few seconds, leaving, however, its lingering effects in weakened limbs, dimmed vision, and disordered memory. The strong man of the minute before is reduced to the condition of one just coming from a long and exhausting illness. The Arab makes coffee his refuge, the foreigner seeks a remedy in the stronger can de vie. As to the poor camel, his doling-implying looks turn to all directions, while he groans his complaints to nature, his kneeling posture adding to the impressiveness of the scene.

To Strengthen the Memory.

[St. Nicholas.]

After reading a book, or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it, and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or hints of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them.

It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think and remember engraves the facts deeply upon the memory, so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas if the matter be given no further consideration at all the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Doings of Bad Elephants.

[New York Sun.]

The fish-eating elephant is considered in India the most vicious of his species. In the Himalayas each variety of the omnivorous beast has a name. The crocodile is called Hinaxat, and turns readily to a man eater. Another monster, which eats so much fish that his hide becomes scaly, is called Bunk. But the famous mad elephant of Munkia is considered to be the worst of all. For years he had been in the end of the East India company. One night he became possessed of a demon, and the next morning broke loose and fled to the woods. For weeks that whole province was terror-stricken. With a cunning which could never be anticipated, the mad elephant set hundreds of hunters at defiance, and, creeping on unprotected villages, smashed the huts and trampled the women and children. He had destroyed thirty-five lives when he died.

Population of Greenland.

[Exchange.]

A census has recently been taken of the population of Danish Greenland, which includes nearly 1,000 miles of the west coast. It is found that Denmark numbers among her subjects about 10,000 Esquimaux, of whom 1,400 are half-breeds, the descendants of European fathers and Esquimaux mothers. The census report gives a very favorable account of the industry and progress of these natives of Greenland.

Min wanted but little here below, nor wanted but little long—his death.

CANDIDATES.

E. D. KENNEDY

Is a Candidate for Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

GEORGE S. CARPENTER

Is a Candidate for County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

J. M. JOHNSON

Is a Candidate for Assessor of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

WILLIS C. BARNETT

Is a Candidate for the office of Jailer of Lincoln county, subject to primary election of the Democratic party.

W. T. SAUNDERS

Is a Candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

T. M. PENNINGTON

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JUDGE W. O. HANSFORD

Is a Candidate for County Attorney of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JUDGE T. W. VARNON

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

J. D. SWOPE

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

GEORGE B. COOPER

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAMES P. BAILEY

Is a Candidate for Circuit Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

T. D. NEWLAND

Is a Candidate for Sheriff of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

W. L. DAWSON

Is a Candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

SAM. M. OWENS

Is a Candidate for Jailer of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

D. R. CARPENTER

Is a Candidate for re-election as County Attorney, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAMES W. ALCORN

Is a Candidate for Circuit Judge in the 5th District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

R. C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of the 5th Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

O. H. WADDLE

Is a Candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney of the 5th Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

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Wall Paper Decorations, Paints, oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, and Painters' Supplies Generally.

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Most Reasonable Figures

That can be made outside or inside the cities. Dealing exclusively in the above line, you can find at his store a better assortment to select from at more satisfactory prices than elsewhere.

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Special Attention also Given to Chronic Kidney & Bladder Troubles.

As well as all Diseases peculiar to Women. Charges moderate. Dr. N. can be consulted free of charge and will be found at his office at all times for the next three months.

By permission he refers to the following gentlemen: J. S. Bailey, G. A. Lacey, S. Irwin, Stanford, Ky.; Judge G. F. Lee, Tom Murphy, W. Temple, John M. Spoonamore, Sim Cook, Danville, Ky.; Rev. J. A. Bogle, Hustonville, Ky.; J. S. Robinson, Lancaster, Ky.; Thos. B. Walker, C. C. Christian, Kirksville, Ky.; J. S. Johnson, Bryanville, Ky.; J. P. Daniel, McKinney, Ky.; G. J. Bosley, Lebanon, Ky.; Geo. Lewis, Campbellsville, Ky.; A. A. McGinnis, Bowling Green, Ky.; Geo. Robson, Judge J. W. Hughes, Harrodsburg, Ky.; C. C. Shumate, McAfee, Ky.

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is only a part of beauty; but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

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DANVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY.

Meals are served at all hours. Game always on hand and in the season, oysters fresh fish, and similar delicacies served in all styles and on short notice. Look out for the sign "Woodbine Restaurant" and call when you are hungry.

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23-6m

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We are agents for the old and reliable John Church Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the sale of Pianos, Organs, Automatic Musical Instruments and Musical Merchandise in Lincoln and Garrard counties, Kentucky. Monthly Payments received until paid for. The best standard makers: Wm. Knabe & Co., Hazeltine Bros., Becker & Son, Everett and New England Pianos, either upright or square. In Organs, the following well-known makers: Clough & Warren, John Church & Co. and the Steiering, with the patent *Chime Bell* attachment.

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Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers. The bar will always be supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and cigars.

Dyspepsia & Asthma Can Be Cured.

There is perhaps no disease so prevalent as Dyspepsia or indigestion, and one, too, that up to the present time has baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. Two-thirds of the chronic diseases have their origin in Dyspepsia. The symptoms are loss of appetite, loss of flesh, a feeling of fullness or weight in the stomach, occasional nausea or vomiting, acidity, flatulence, dull pain in the head, with a sensation of heaviness or giddiness, irregularity of bowels, loss of spirits, sleeplessness, rallow skin, derangement of kidneys, and not unfrequently palpitation of the heart.

If you are suffering with any of these symptoms

DR. HOLT'S Dyspeptic Elixir

GEO. O. BARNES.

"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

SAHARANPUR, Oct. 12, '85.
AMERICAN MISSION PREMISES.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

At the last moment George's courage failed her and instead of giving her pup away she hoisted it into her "dandy" and brought him off in triumph. We leave him with Bro. Ewing, here, "to be called for"—as the fiction aforesaid hath it. What creature we are, to be sure! Our second parrot "suicided" as the first, a week or two ago. The silly creature gnawed her little twine string that guarded her life, while curling her liberty, flew off and was, doubtless, devoured by those buccaniers of plain and mountain, the omnivorous crows. Well! "liberty or death" sounds grandiloquent and poor "Polly" died for the assertion of that glorious principle. Whether staying with kind, indulgent owners, enduring the "ills she knew," was better or worse than "flying to others that she knew not of," I leave to Hamlet and the rest to decide. I only know that George, whose inmost soul is harrowed by the loss of her dumb favorites, was in a pitiable frame of mind for a while after Polly took "French leave." Parrots, like "Republicans," are ungrateful!

We came down a day sooner than we at first intended in order to reach Lucknow and the Dossarah meeting in time to have a clear day of rest before they begin. Our heavy baggage we store here, subject to order when we know where our next halt will be. The dear LORD has his programme, but hasn't told it to us yet. We only know Him, and are only too glad to let him do the planning, without the least wish to pry or know his mind, till the time comes.

A plunge from the cool hill top to the still seething plain, was yesterday's journey. 8,000 feet make a tremendous difference. This morning I was delighted to take off thick underwear and don the thinest things I could muster in my wardrobe, previously pouring indefinite gurgles of water over my thirsty cuticle and feeling a certain duck like longing to "piddle" ad libitum in the cooling element. At Lucknow one has mild hydrophobia all the time. However, we all back in this enervating climate, with its intense oriental surroundings. Palm trees, planted by my dear old Bro. Campbell—who made this Saharanpur station the little paradise it is—wave in front of our windows, and the little seedlings of various kinds his loving hand placed in the kindly soil, have developed into the stately forest growths of 1885—fifty years since he put them in to grow, having passed over their healthful heads.

We came down Lucknow hill as we went up—"dandies," and borne on the backs of men. This "cane" of the mountains is an indispensable adjunct of the household. At Rājpur—at the foot of the hill—we took "dak garies," which, being interpreted, mean traveling carriages. Two sufficed our party, though they are generally allotted to only two passengers each. I have not before described them, I believe. They are peculiar to India, and the same we rode "up the country" in, in the year '55. Only then, each carriage was drawn by 6 coolies instead of as yesterday—two fiery, half-broken steeds, of diminutive size but colossal temper.

By inserting a middle cushion, spanning the square well, occupied by the feet when in a sitting posture, the machine becomes a fairly comfortable bed. Indeed they are most frequently used for night journeys, and one sleeps as well or better in them than in "sleeping cars" on a railroad. We came 50 miles from Rājpur—in 8½ hours. Going, we made it in 7. The horses are "sui generis." Undersized, untamed, "un" everything else that is desirable, except speed; when the chronic contest with the patient native groom is ended, and they make up their stubborn mind to go. They are off like a pair of rockets. Wilfulness seems transformed into willingness in a trice, and the lumbering vehicle behind, with passengers and indefinite luggage a "trifle light as air."

This is what happens at nearly every stage or "chowkee"—which is only five miles on an average. The two, loose jointed, Roman-nosed, evil-eyed, low withered, ewe-necked wretches are led out by doubtful attendants, expecting a bite, kick or other token of temper, at any time the animals "take a notion" to vary the exercises. A preliminary struggle at the carriage pole—the brutes seeming determined to face the carriage instead of having it in the rear. In the war of contending human and equine wills, the animals occasionally get within kicking or biting distance of each other and with a squeal of rage execute a little private "mill" between themselves, preparatory to the graver struggle with the tyrant man.

At last, after a most spirited combat with "all hands," they are "hitched in." Then comes the real "tug of war." The astonished and innocent passenger finds them, at the first plunge, looking in at the carriage door, the brutes evidently hoping by this "hank movement" to snap the pole, not being able to apprehend man's ingenuity in carriage construction, adapting the vehicles to the known eccentricities of the animals attached to them.

The fiery pair stand on their hind feet pawing the air. They then kick in concert and separately. Again man's wit

bulks them, the carriage being impregnable to such attacks.

The groom twists ears, right and left until you would think they would be torn out by the roots. Then they beat a while with sticks and whips. Then pausing to invent some fresh torture, the horses, without a moment's warning, dash off at a mad gallop, the coachman shouts triumphantly and "the red field is won." Such is Indian horse management. Rarely has never visited these parts, and if he did would make few converts. Their children will not insult their memories by pretending to improve upon the wisdom of "the ancients."

The world over this sort of thing is going on in one shape and another, though men suspect it not. "Thou art the man"—thou the woman, perhaps, dear reader. Error in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Three hundred Dwt. 18 K. plain Rings and 12 new patterns in Diamond Rings, suitable for engagements, wedding and birthday presents. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky.

—Grand opening Dec. 7th of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, French Marble and Gold Clocks, Dresden China Bric-a-brac, Biek Figures, Oil Paintings and a full stock of Holiday goods. Positively the largest stock in Central Ky. I want to see all my friends on Dec. 7, 8 and 9 J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky.

HALLS GAP, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The meeting at Walnut Flat closed Thursday night.

—Mr. J. C. Hill has sold 30 acres of land to R. F. Campbell at \$30 per acre.

—A nice candy party at Mr. J. G. Martin's Monday night was largely attended and very much enjoyed by the young folks.

—Mr. J. Ottensheimer, of Crab Orchard, was here yesterday. Mrs. James Beddoe has malaria fever. Boone Martin, of Anderson county, is here this week. Miss Ella Collier, of Hazel Patch, is the guest of Miss Lillie Martin.

—Emma Bastin, daughter of Alex. Bastin, Esq., and a fellow by the name of Delaney, from Otter county, Nebraska, eloped to Jellico, Tenn., last week and were married. They returned a few days ago and have since gone to Nebraska.

—A subscription has recently been raised for the purpose of building a turnpike by here, beginning near Mr. J. E. Lynn's on the Halls Gap pike, running in a south-east direction and terminating at Cox's Gap, some two or three miles south-west of Crab Orchard. Such a road has long since been needed here and if built it will be an honor to this section of the county.

—Dr. J. L. Brown, the young physician mentioned in our last report, came over from Mt. Sterling Monday and proceeded at once to look over the country and get acquainted with the people. He seemed well pleased with the situation and went back to make arrangements for removing to this place, where he intends to open an office and solicit practice and make his future home.

Prohibition Meeting.

At a meeting of the advocates of Prohibition the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we meet again the first Monday in December, (County Court day) at the Court-house in Stamford, at one o'clock p. m., and that each one present constitute a committee to work up as full a meeting as possible.

2nd. That M. G. Nevius, Joseph Ballou, D. Koot, J. S. Murphy, J. D. Bustin, H. Young, T. J. Foster, Doc. Helm, Joshua Myers, J. B. Green, J. W. Weatherford, John K. Spratt, Jas. Hutchinson, Dr. Doore, L. M. Lsley, John Anderson, J. M. Martin, Jas. Dudderar, Sr., Lewis Budder, John O. Neal, Lewis Gooch, Tilford Alexander, J. T. Hackley, Dr. W. W. Owsley, G. P. Bright and Joseph Mount be requested to meet with us at the next meeting as above stated, to confer together as to our future operations.

3rd. That we invite all good citizens in the county, who are favorable towards the suppression of the liquor traffic, to meet with us on the aforesaid occasion.

4th. That the INTERIOR JOURNAL be requested to publish these proceedings and Danville Advocate to copy.

P. L. SIMPSON, Chm.
DR. M. L. BOURNE, Secy.

THE GEORGIA GIRL.—If it is really true that Grover Cleveland wants to marry he should come to Georgia and look about him before making a selection elsewhere. The Georgia girl is finely formed, straight, true as steel, tender-hearted and takes her beauty fresh from the hand of that kindly nature that surrounds her. When she weds she honors prince, potentate or private citizen, and whom she will she weds. We simply propose to put him in the way to work out his own salvation. Honors, power and titles will avail him nothing, for the Georgia girl is not a Mug-wump, flirting with first one party and then another. She follows her heart and sticks closer than a brother. War can't shake her off, pestilence disturbs her not, misfortune but tightens her grip and poverty she laughs at. The man who marries a typical Georgia girl and continues to be a man has a wife for all eternity. This is the situation. If Grover is looking for that kind of a girl let him come down and take his chances.—[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.]

Recently a fire broke out near a large menagerie at Moscow. As it was impossible to save all the lions and elephants, the manager of the establishment was requested to point out such of the treasures as could be removed with safety. When he passed by the monkey cage a big orange-outang screamed out: "For God's sake let me out. I never was a monkey until I came here. I am an honest man; save me."

THANKSGIVING.

Every day will I bless Thee.—Psalm 145:2.

Since daily the great God above
Doth make His mercy known,
And all the blessings of His love
Are on our pathway strown,
Let thanks to Him each day be paid
And mention of His mercy made,
While songs attend His throne.

His creatures for a single day
He never did forget;
Ah, who might ever hope to pay
The overwhelming debt?
His mercy doth all thought exceed;
How readily our every need
Hath that rich mercy met.

Yet it is good to set apart
One day of all the rest,
On which, with universal heart,
Our thanks may be confessed;
To turn aside from daily care,
To through each holy place of prayer
While there God's name is blessed.

Yes, let the Nation bend the knee,
Let all the people praise;
High let His name be extolled,
Make this the day of days;
For at this season of the year
Which he hath crowned with all good cheer
The meet our songs to raise.

And it is meet around the board
That we should merry make;
His are the gifts by which 'tis stored
His bounty we partake;
These fruits that industry doth bear
Are proofs of His unceasing care,
Bestowed for His name's sake.

Nor should the debt of thanks we owe
Our tongues alone express,
Our deeds as well as words should show
How true 'tis we profess.
Let mercy in our hearts have sway,
And on this glad Thanksgiving Day
Seek other hearts to bless.

—[B. M. Oford in N. Y. Observer.]

A Good Word For Brother Barnes.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]
As it is the fashion, especially of late, to "tug" at Geo. O. Barnes, I hope the INTERIOR JOURNAL will indulge me with space sufficient for a little say upon the same subject.

There is much more good in the world in a general way than most people think, but there is one vice that is as glaring in men as it is in dogs and turkeys. It is to administer the proverbial kick or bite or peck at one of their fellows who may perchance happen to get below par or what amounts to the same thing, seems to them to have struck a streak of hard luck. The faith George Barnes' friends have in him will only allow of the latter supposition, but evidently most people think the former catches him in hard earnest. I am happy in numbering myself with his friends and in so, while the situation looks a little serious just now, we feel that we can still afford to read with patient indifference all these hard things which are being said about him and even be amused, though the pleasure with which some bear of his rebuff by the Episcopal powers of India seems to approach a wanton, malicious glee that a zealous christian man has seemed to fail in his work.

Do we not remember when he left the Mountains of Kentucky, how these same croakers predicted that in the towns of the Bluegrass region he would find that only the ignorance of mountain people would ever sustain such a born and bred bushwhacker in his vagaries? Is it necessary to remind us that when his message had found a hearty acceptance in Danville, Lexington, Mt. Sterling, Louisville and others of the principal towns and cities of the State, these same happy people were delighted that now he preferred to accept an invitation to New York City it was not a bit of trouble to "call the turn" on him. Inevitable starvation stared him in the face. But when New York testified her appreciation by not only receiving him kindly but sent him on his way to England these deeply interested folks didn't lose their interest, but their dire predictions sailed with him across the Atlantic and promptly followed him to India, when new made British friends bade him God speed from their shores. Are we to give him over to the bad, then? I said a while ago we had faith in him—which was really to say we have faith in George Barnes' God, which don't let us feel afraid for his future. Neither will we be surprised when his ministry in India grows to the proportions of a grand success and the Church of England has learned that he is a good man and is proud of him and glad to claim him as one of his own. Then after all, when these ill-conditioned growlers get to heaven, they will be surprised (but we won't) that this same man they tried to bedevil with their strictures here on earth, was far enough above the spirit which actuates them to pray the good Lord that they might meet him there.

J. C. B.

A hungry tramp at Petersburg, Va., picked up from the sidewalk what he imagined to be a coe oyster. As he was about to put it in his mouth, the supposed c. o. began cursing so vigorously that the frightened tramp threw it to the ground and fled for dear life. It turned out that was all that is left of Billy Mahone.—[Louisville Times.]

—Rev. W. W. Downes, of Boston, who has recently figured in his disadvantage in a noted divorce suit between two members of his congregation, has been dismissed from his pastorate and his church looked against him.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

JAMESTOWN, RUSSELL COUNTY.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

Supposing it might be interesting to some of your numerous readers to hear from this section, I drop you a few lines. There has been but little sickness in our county for some time and therefore it has been bad on the doctors; causing them every now and then to remark that it is distressingly healthy this fall.

There have been some 50 or more apple brandy distilleries in operation for several months, which will turn out 500 or 600 barrels of brandy, and it is hoped will be worth at least 60 cents per gallon above the tax. The moonshining business has about played out, which is no doubt attributable, to a great extent, to the vigilance and efficiency of the Revenue officers of our district, among whom may be mentioned our much esteemed friend, Hon. A. P. Simpson, of Jamestown, who has been serving under special appointment in the Revenue Service of this district, but is now promoted in service by regular appointment.

Our County Judge, Hon. Jacob A. Williams, has rendered himself more popular than ever by the prompt, impartial and faithful discharge of his official duties, and his constant attention to the business matters coming under his jurisdiction. At last County Court, a very remarkable case was presented to his honor, which was disposed of in an unprecedented manner, though much to the satisfaction of all good citizens. The case was about this: Some months ago a very old citizen by the name of Stephen Woodridge deeded his homestead to his son-in-law, Mr. Davis, and wife, who in consideration thereof was to care for and support him, and so far as had been known the old man was well satisfied with the arrangement and all was going well until last Monday, when a move was made by one Mr. Hudson to have the old man declared an imbecile and have a committee appointed for him, and in support of this motion Mr. Hudson had the court to take his sworn statement to the effect that the old man, a portion of the time, had to live on corn bread and walnuts. Not satisfied the court took further evidence and then went in person to see the old man, whom he found well satisfied with his trade and treatment. Of course the allowance was not made. It is reported by some that Mr. Hudson, who is a distant relative, had his eye on the old man's land, but he may have honestly been misled.

TRAVELER

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS.

A Michigan farmer has conquered Canada thieves in his sheep pasture by putting a small handful of salt at the root of each thistle. The sheep do the rest of the work.

In 1850, only 5,253 newspapers were published in the United States, or one for every 6,000 inhabitants. Now 13,494 newspapers are published, or one for every 3,716 inhabitants; certainly a remarkable growth in twenty five years.

Of thirteen lynchings conducted by one band of vigilantes in Montana during the last three months, it is claimed that the right man was hanged in twelve instances. If little Billy Mahone will stick his finger in the sea he will have an illustration of how much room he took up in American affairs. If he will pull his finger out he will see how much of a hole he will leave when he drops out of American affairs.—[Chicago News.]

A Chinese banker, Han Qin, of Canton, is said to be the wealthiest man in the world. He pays taxes upon an estate of \$450,000,000, and is estimated to be worth \$1,400,000,000.

We have always and still advocate the superiority of primary elections over other method of choosing candidates for a party. The will of a majority can never be defeated in a viva voce primary election. Of course it no more insures purity in a canvass than any other method, but there is no howling mob and no tampering with the delegates, no corrupt combinations, as is generally the case in mass or delegated conventions. We are in favor of primary elections for all State, district and county offices.—[Breckenridge News.]

A certain Methodist preacher of this county tells upon himself that while on his travels recently he stopped a while before sundown at a house to spend the night and after entering the house the dog came in, approached him good naturedly, and then, as if he had ascertained who the visitor was, immediately went out and got after the chickens in the yard.—[Anderson (S. C.) Journal.]

It is given unto the insect to desert its chrysalis, and it is even allowed unto the serpent to crawl out of his old skin and get into a new one, but to the people of Kentucky it is forbidden that they should rend and cast off the dry, scaly old constitutional cuticle that has become a burden.—[Owensboro Inquirer.]

—Col. Bob Ingersoll says that he has quit politics and that he believes the republican party has gone out of power for a long time.

—Wm. S. Warner and J. Henry Work have been indicted in New York for complicity with Ferdinand Ward in his fraudulent practices.

—Clement Gransinger, an old resident of Cass county, Indiana, is dead. Just before his death he confessed that he had formerly had improper relations with his daughter, and six years ago had strangled her to death to avoid exposure.

—Irwin Grubb was taken from the jail at Pineville, McDonald county, Mo., by a mob and hanged to a tree. Grubb murdered Ed Doreon B. Anderson, on the night of the 20th of last June, for his money, and confessed the crime.

A RIVER DREAM.

The blue, blue sky above,
The blue, blue water under,
The eyes more blue, and a heart that's true,
And a boat to bear me with my love
To lands of light and wonder.

The sunny fields around,
The river rippling by us,
A smile more bright than moonlight light,
Our brows with meadow garlands crowned,
And never a care to try us.

Adrift with the tide,
A wind that whispers greeting,
An idle rest in the faded west,
With only the waves on the shore beside
And two hearts fondly beating.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S IRON RING.

The Reason of His Wearing So Singular an Ornament—"Nitschewo."

[Chicago Tribune.]

Prince Bismarck wears upon one of his fingers an iron ring, on which is inscribed the Russian word "Nitschewo" (it's all right). To a correspondent of a Russian paper, who inquired of him the reason of his wearing so singular an ornament, in reply he related the following laughable episode: In 1853, when was the Russian ambassador to the Russian court, I received an invitation to join the imperial party in a hunt which was to take place in a few days about 100 versts from St. Petersburg. Being an ardent sportsman in those days, I left early in order to enjoy myself a little before the arrival of the emperor, but missing my road found myself at the time set for the rendezvous in a little out-of-the-way village, speaking just enough Russian to inquire of a peasant how far it was to the meeting place of the hunters:

"About twenty versts," was the answer.

"Will you take me there?"

"Certainly, my lord," he replied.

A few minutes later, and I was sitting in a miserable sleigh, drawn by two little Russian horses—insignificant little things.

"Can you land me there in time. I am in a great hurry," I said.

"Nitschewo," was his reply.

"These are a couple of rats you have tied to your sleigh," I remarked, when things were getting a little slow.

"Nitschewo," replied the peasant, giving the reins to his little horses. A way they dashed forward, as if shot out of a gun. The sleigh flew over the snow at such a rate that I was near losing my breath.

"Hold on! I cried; are you getting crazy?"

"Nitschewo," was the only response I received.

"But you will upset me!"

"Nitschewo"—nothing more, until upon a sudden I found myself rolled out into the snow.

The laconic "Nitschewo" ought to have calmed me, but the delay which the accident would cause us provoked me so that I was about to chastise the peasant in the true Russian fashion, with a small iron rod which had been broken from the sleigh, but upon second thought I returned to my seat, secreting the rod beneath my coat as a reminder of Russian imperturbability. From that rod this iron ring was manufactured.

My good Germans often criticize me for the over-consistent manner in which I treat the Russians; but it must be remembered that I am the only man in Germany who in critical moments has the habit of saying "Nitschewo" while in Russia at such times a hundred million have the same word on their tongue's end.

The Wager a Minstrel Won.

[Auburn Dispatch.]

Arthur Moreland told me a story about Charles Backus which I think has never before appeared in type. It was when Peter Gilsey was alive. Backus and Gilsey sat in the Gilsey house cafe. It was bitter cold outside, the mercury just bordering the zero mark. The conversation turned upon the stern dictates of fashion in regard to male attire.

"I don't care what I wear as long as I'm comfortable," remarked the comedian.

"Oh, yes you do," patronizingly insisted the venerable Peter. "You wouldn't dare go out in the street in this kind of weather with a summer suit on."

"That's just what I'll do for a bottle of wine."

"Make it a case."

"Call it a car-load if you want," rejoined Backus.

The wager was made, and Backus disappeared. An hour later he walked into the cafe attired in a white flannel shirt, straw hat with blue band, coral-colored jacket, Oxford ties, carrying a bamboo walking stick, and wearing a rose in his buttonhole. The terms of the wager required that he should walk down Broadway to Stewart's store and return. He carried it out to the letter, leisurely sauntering down the street, swinging his cane, and appearing as comfortable as though he was on the shady side of the street on a July day. Of course he was the cynosure of all eyes, but he was accustomed to that, and appeared not the least perturbed. The wine was won, and Gilsey determined to have revenge in paying it. That evening, when Backus had responded to the fourth encore on one of his topical songs, he was surprised to see a box of Mumm's extra shod over the footlights. The audience howled and demanded a fifth verse. It was followed by another case, and so it continued until twenty boxes of wine had been piled up on the stage before him, entirely concealing his rotund form.

The Old-Time Dime Novel.

[Chicago News "Hambler."] I was in a news-store the other day when a gentleman entered whom I know to be an inveterate reader of everything good. He was hunting for a novel to entertain himself during the evening. He paged over the counter and looked through 250 or 300 novels of the day, both English and American. With a sigh of disgust he ceased to read the namby-pamby titles, and turning to shelf he selected half a dozen old-time dime novels. "When I got tired out by reading the trashy society novels which are turned out by the English and American publishers," he said, "I buy a lot of hair-raising dime novels and revel in their breezy freshness. Way, there's more nature and more virtue in one of these than a whole Alexander's library of the other."

"Triplets" in Russia.

The Medical Review in an editorial on "Triplets," says that plural births occur most frequently in Russia, and that when they do occur in this country the fathers and mothers are generally found to be of Russian birth or descent.

Chicago Herald: Be ambitious, but remember that man has no wings. He is a crawling animal, and the baby that walks before it creeps grows up so bow-legged that even if bounding back ever comes his way it slips through and one is charged against him in the error column.

A naturalist, who has just returned from Spain, says that the natives keep locusts in cages for the sake of their music.

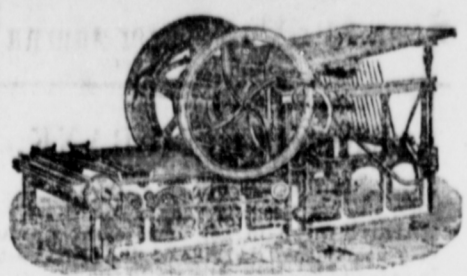
According to The Medical World, every farmer wears out, on the average, two wives and a half in his lifetime.

Engineer Melville wants \$150,000 with which to pay his way to the north pole.

King Alfonso, of Spain, is said to have consumption in one lung.

Thomas Jones, of Greenville, Florida,

is a member of the Southern



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